

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. I. — OCTOBER, 1887. — No. X.



A BED ON A WHALE.

[Concluded.]

"PATRICK, by the powers!" the harpooner also shouted, "but where are the rest?" Any further question died out in a fresh outcry of surprise, when they came nearer, and not only recognized in the shipwrecked man the fourth harpooner, Patrick, the young Irishman, but also found that he was not kneeling on a raft or overturned boat, but on a dead sperm whale, which his weight sank a few inches below the surface. Round his left hand he had twisted the short line of a harpoon, still sticking in the blubber, which alone secured him on his slippery ground, and in the right he held the harpoon-staff, which he had taken out of the iron, so convulsively, that he would not even let go of it when the boat shot up to him and every arm was extended to help him into it.

The poor fellow looked deadly pale, and could not utter a syllable; his eyes wandered wildly over his comrades as if he did not recognize them. He got up, as it were, mechanically to enter the boat, but, so soon as he felt the firm planks beneath him, he fell back in a fainting fit. He had passed a fearful night, and we must revert to the moment when he left the other boats, to pursue the fish he saw playing apart from the rest of the school.

They pulled along about four hundred yards behind the cachalot, and gained on it, for it dived several times and then rose slowly to the surface, suspecting the enemy after it. More and more it left the course it had hitherto pursued, possibly in order to return by a wide curve to its former play-ground, but it changed its course again, and

went straight to the westward with wind and current, while the ship, as they could plainly see from the boat, lay on the other tack. Patrick, as we have already mentioned, now set his sail to pursue the ship more rapidly and quickly.

The cachalot, however, either for amusement or because it scented its pursuers in spite of all the precautions taken, now went at such a rate through the water, that the light boat, with a favoring breeze, could gain but little on it. All at once, when they had come almost within darting distance, and the boat-steerer was preparing his harpoon for the cast, it dived, and the boat the next moment shot over the spot, where the water was still whirling and breaking from the descent of the monster.

"Down with the sail!" the harpooner shouted sharply; the little yard fell at once, the boat shot a little distance further under the way it had on it, and the harpooner stood motionless in the bows, with uplifted lance, ready for a dart if the fish showed itself again; but he himself doubted whether it would rise again here, and pointed, with an inquiring glance at the boat-steerer, to a spot somewhat further ahead. The latter, though young in years, was an old hand at whaling, however, and the way in which the fish dived seemed to justify his supposition that it had only made a sudden halt here, and would not go far ere it came to the surface again. While the sail, therefore, flapped against the mast, and the harpooner held its rope in his hand, not to lose a second in the event of their being compelled to continue

the chase, the crew looked eagerly down into the clear waters beneath them, in the certainly rather dubious hope of seeing the swimming fish, and being able to discover the course it was taking.

"There's something swimming," one of the rowers said, in a half-suppressed, anxious voice, "coming straight up."

"Pst!" the officer, however, warned him; "gently, gently, you'll frighten him away. Where?"

"Here he comes, here he comes!" three or four voices whispered simultaneously, as they instinctively grasped at their oars.

"Back water — back — for your lives!" the harpooner cried at this moment, who, stooping overboard, saw the bright-green gigantic form rising with lightning speed from the depths, and was well aware of the dangers to which they were exposed if the colossus touched their boat ever so gently in coming up. Almost at the same moment the oars fell into the water, and the boat could scarce have left the spot a few of its own lengths, ere the mighty, flattened head of an enormous cachalot, with its deep, narrow mouth half opened, came to the surface. With one tremendous bound it dashed onward, to escape the strange object, the boat, which it must certainly have sighted.

In the bows of the boat, and just over the "mountain of blubber," which rose as it were beneath his feet, stood the boat-steerer, with poised lance; but his arm trembled, and being still within reach of the terrible opponent, who could crush them with a blow, he did not dare to hurl the harpoon into the flying colossus. "Throw, throw!" Patrick shouted, entirely despising the danger, and only thinking at the moment of their chase, which had brought the victim within arm's length. "You scoundrel, you are letting the fish slip through your fingers," and, seizing his own lance, he seemed to await with wild delight the moment when he could hurl the sharp steel behind the fin of the monster.

The boat-steerer still hesitated, but only a few seconds were left him for reflection, for, if he let the favorable moment slip by unemployed, it was a question whether it would ever return with the now-startled fish. But the sail, quickly hoisted by the harpooner, had already caught the wind, and while he sharply pressed the tiller against his side, to bring the boat's bow round, he sent the boat flying after the escaping fish. At this moment, the harpoon, hurled by the powerful hand of the young Irishman, dashed into the back of the enemy, and stuck fast in the tough blubber.

In a second the sail was taken in again, and the boat-steerer ran back to the tiller, and made way for the harpooner to hurl his lance and give the leviathan of the depths the death-blow. The harpooner is, by rights, the first officer in a whale-boat, the boat-steerer the second; but, at the beginning of the chase they change places, or rather, have not taken their right posts; for the harpooner steers the boat up to the fish, which requires a very certain and practiced hand, and the boat-steerer stands in the bows with the harpoon, to give the fish the first blow, and make fast. If the harpoon holds, the proper harpooner takes his place in the bows with a lance, to kill the whale, and his dart must be directed at a small, hollow, darker spot behind the fin, where alone the mighty animal can be mortally wounded.

The line, attached to the harpoon, in the meanwhile, smoked again as it darted through the opening in the bow, and the boat was pulled with lightning speed over the water by the quivering whale.

Patrick was now standing in the bow, with his lance upraised to throw, and the crew were pulling in the lines hand over hand, so as to bring their little boat once more within striking distance. When they at last came up, Patrick bent back, and while the tail of the mighty animal struck the water almost close to them, and it raised itself to escape the danger of which it had at length become conscious, the deadly steel whizzed deep into the soft flank of the enemy. In a second the harpooner drew it out again with a triumphant flash of his eyes, to repeat the blow, when the cachalot, maddened with pain and fury, so suddenly turned, that the sea, which flopped its sides, hissed and foamed.

"Thick blood, thick blood!" the crew gladly shouted at this moment, but, "Back!" the harpooner yelled, and as the boat-steerer pressed with his whole force against the tiller, and hung half out of the boat to bring her head round, and before the men could get their oars again into the tholes, the outraged whale, that saw its foe so close to it, came up with open jaws. Darting half out of the water, it kept its mighty throat still expanded, and while the boat's head flew round to escape it, it seized it exactly in the centre, and pressing it together with its jaws, tore the thin planks asunder, as if made of paper.

Patrick saw the danger, and knew at the first glance what impended over them. With a calm, firm hand, however, he still hurled the upraised lance right into the eye of the cachalot, which it pierced; but he was unable to save the boat.

The furious monster, in the death-struggle, perhaps, did not even feel the new wound; puffing out the thick black blood, and obeying only one instinct, that of vengeance, it champed the boat together, and the next moment the bloody waves broke over a mass of fragments and swimming men, who, in the first feeling of self-preservation, tried to seize a plank.

Patrick, in his fall, unconsciously seized the cord to which the harpoon was attached. As he wound it round his arm, it dragged him away through the bloody water, and down, down, and he would have been lost, had the whale lived but a few seconds longer. But the first cast had hit it too certainly, and, coming to the surface again, it swam round once or twice, lashed the trembling waves with its gigantic fins, and then drifted slow and dead in the blood-stained waves.

Patrick, who had come up with it again, and had been so involuntarily taken in tow by the dead whale, now quickly ascended to the back of the monster, which was swimming level with the surface of the water, and seizing the harpoon that still stuck in the fish, he had just emerged from the waves, when a wild cry echoed close behind him.

He turned in horror — the cry for help was so piercing and heart-rending; but himself felt stabbed to the heart, when he perceived, at no great distance from him, the back-fins of two sharks, which were shooting quickly and eagerly backward and forward, while the gurgling in the water close behind him, and the lashing of the waves, revealed the spot where one of his comrades was fighting the death-fight in the merciless jaws of a third brute.

Just as the vultures and crows collect round a dying calf, the shark darts up from the depths, rapidly and unexpectedly, to destroy the swimmer; and what it has once seized, belongs to it, and it holds it in iron fangs as it madly dashes round.

Here and there several of the wretches from the destroyed boat were drifting, some clinging to its remains, while others had seized an oar to keep them above water; but only three were now left of all the powerful, merry fellows, who a few minutes previously had looked danger so boldly in the face, and the hyenas of Ocean were now reveling among them. What availed the impotent blow dealt with the arm? what the shrill cry of despair? It was music in the ears of the cold, terrible brutes with the cat-like eyes and giant strength; and the blood-stained foam that the next moment floated on the surface of

the water, was the winding-sheet of the wretched men, and marked their grave.

"That is fearful!" Patrick groaned, who had hardly strength enough left to hold on to the protecting body of the whale; "to end in that way is fearful, and no help!" and his eye despairingly sought the saving vessel, which was cruising far, far away on the distant horizon, after the other boats. And supposing they missed him, and looked for him, and could not find the boat with the telescope, and sailed up and down here for days, how would that help him? Only hours, minutes perhaps, were still granted him, and his murderers darted past him, and leaped and dived in savagely satisfied, but never appeased delight.

With a shudder, he buried his face in his hand, almost forgetting his own danger, not to see the death-struggle of his comrades; for it was the true presentiment of what awaited him. But the heaving and plashing of the water around him, compelled him at length, with that instinct of self-preservation which clings to a straw up to the last moment, to think of his own safety, or at any rate, to defer his fate as long as possible, in order to give a chance for the possibility of a rescue.

The harpoon in the whale's back, which he thrust deeper into the blubber to give it greater hold-fast, offered him a support by which to keep on the slippery, smooth mass. For, although he thought once or twice about cutting out the iron and employing it as a weapon against the greedy sharks, he was obliged to give up the notion. Were he washed away, the sharp iron would not be sufficient defense against the rapid shark, which, dashing backward and forward, at length seizes its victim, and drags him down, in spite of all the wounds it may have received.

But, one thing he would do. The shaft of the harpoon — a short, strong piece of oak, of about two inches in diameter — was still fixed in the iron, and this he drew out, freed it with the short knife he carried at his belt, and which every sailor wears, from the cord, and had time to fasten the latter again to the iron. He coiled the rope round his left hand, to get a better hold-fast, seized the stout stick with self-confidence, and awaited, with clenched teeth and newly aroused courage, the first attack of the enemy, which he had to wait for a long time, however.

The sharks were for the moment satiated, and rather played in the streams of blood that dyed the water far around, than sought for a fresh prey. While swimming in the blood they could scent

nothing, and only tried now and then, though in vain, to get a hold on the broad, slippery body of the whale, or swam sleepily and lazily among the drifting planks and oars, seizing one now and then in their jaws, or driving it before them with their broad, shovel shaped upper jowl.

The weather was, fortunately, calm and quiet, and the eastern trade-wind merely raised light waves, in which the whale rose and sank, but not one of the sharks had as yet come so near as to see Patrick, or, if it saw him, to pay any attention to him, and he was beginning to hope that he should keep his place unassailed until the ship arrived to save him, or, at any rate, sent its

boats. But, where was the ship? There was no prospect of release for a long time, for even at that distance it did not escape the sailor's eye that it was slowly standing away from him. The other boats must have held fast, and with the captured fish once alongside, it would be impossible for the *King Harold* to go in search of him.

The sun, at the same time, burned hotly on his brain, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Water! the cool flood bathed his feet, and must he die of thirst? He knelt down and washed his forehead, temples, and lips, to feel a little cooler, and then bound his handkerchief over his head, as he had lost his hat in the upset



of the boat, in order to protect it slightly from the scorching beams.

Through this movement, however, the attention of one of the sharks must have been attracted to him, or, although filled and over-filled, it could not moderate its greed for fresh booty, for, as he lifted his head again, he noticed that one of the largest of the dark back-fins that emerged from the water, was swimming straight toward him. He had, in fact, hardly time to rise and get ready for defensive operations, ere a tremendous fellow, about thirteen feet in length, darted up, and tried with the rising wave to make a half-turn on the back of the whale, and fetch down whatever there might be on it.

With the danger, however, all the seaman's mad, daring courage returned, and, holding the heavy harpoon-staff in his right hand, the rope in his left, he dealt such a tremendous blow at the head of the monster as it emerged from the water, that the shark, half stunned, slipped off the whale, and sank ere he could prepare for a fresh attack.

But other sharks had been attracted by the noise, plash, and blow, and though they did not make an immediate attack on the daring child of man, who dared to defy them in their own element, they swam round the spot where he stood in constantly narrowing circles, and once or twice came so near, that Patrick gave them one or two

blows with the swart end of the staff, to teach them more respect in future. The shark, however, is a greedy, obstinate brute, and even if wounded, will ever return to the prey it has once scented, so long as it feels the strength to do so. Such was the case here. Again and again the heavy staff had to teach them that there was nothing for them here, so long, at any rate, as the young Irishman felt strong enough to struggle against hunger and thirst, the scorching sunbeams, and the succeeding fearful irritation of his nerves, in the danger that begirt him.

And the ship — no chance of salvation from there! Deeper and deeper sank the sun, and far to windward still lay the ship, with its brightly glistening sails. But the brutes that swam round him grew more greedy, as they tried in vain to bury their teeth in the tough hide of the cachalot; and, as the stars were kindled in the east, and gradually flashed over the whole sky, he saw the sparkles on the phosphorescent waves, as the fish swam backward and forward, and drew closer to him. The danger grew with the night.

He perceived the lanterns hung out for him; he saw, too, when it grew quite dark, the bright light of the blubber-lamps, and even the pallid light from the furnaces of the blubber-boilers, which was reflected on the sails; but how did this help him? How dare he hope to be sighted from the ship in the darkness, and be saved from his fearful position? And would human strength endure such horrors till morning?

He was hardly able to keep on his feet, and sought a slight relief by kneeling on his extraordinary raft for a minute, or so long as the constantly approaching fish allowed him. Once he even attempted to lie down full-length, although in the water, but it was of no avail! his torturers would not let him rest, and the danger was too terribly near of being surprised by them and dragged down to death.

The greediest of the brutes, a young fish hardly more than eight feet long, once seized the harpoon, behind which he had stepped, and held it long enough to be left by the receding wave half-dry on the cachalot. At this moment Patrick's harpoon-staff dealt it such a tremendous blow on its treacherous-looking head, that it slipped, quite stunned, off the slippery whale, turned up the white of its belly, and sank. But others took its place, and the flash which they made in the dark tide alone revealed their approach, and warned the wretched man to prepare for a fresh attack.

Hour after hour thus passed away in the fear-

ful struggle for life; but fresh hope was aroused in him, when the ship came nearer and nearer, and the cannon-shot distinctly reached his ear.

Now, he could see the deck, even the forms moving about in the light. "Ahoy! ahoy!" his wild, despairing cry to his comrades, pealed across the water, for they seemed to be drifting past him. "Ahoy!"

Once more he had to defend his life, for the sharks, attracted by the sound of a human voice, came up from all sides, and the dark fins parted the water everywhere around him. Here and there his blow fell; the end of the tough wood was already splintered in his desperate blows — blows which would have felled an ox, but rarely produced more effect on the shark, than to keep it at bay for a while.

And the ship? there it drifted, almost within hail; again a shot reached his ear, and he employed the ensuing pause to send a piercing cry in the direction where rescue lay so near, and yet so unattainable. But the wind blew from the ship; though he so clearly heard the sound of the firing, even fancied he could now and then distinguish the single voices on deck, his own cry was unable to reach it. He merely rendered the foes around him more active and greedy, and their attacks were more constantly repeated.

What had hitherto kept alive his hope of rescue, his strength, his courage — they faded, as he saw the ship drift past, faded, when no means were left him to announce his proximity. Only the convulsive, almost unconscious instinct of self-preservation still enabled him to defend his life so long as breath was left him, against his foes.

Thus passed the night. The Southern Cross turned round slowly, slowly to the west; and there, in the far east, day was breaking. He still saw this — saw how the sun rose from the sea; saw once again the outline of his ship, the slim masts and reefed sails, and wished to make a final attempt to proclaim his existence, as he tried to pluck off his shirt and wave it as a signal to the watch in the crow's-nest — but he was unable to do it. His limbs were stiff and rigid; even his voice refused its duty, and degenerated into a low whine. His eyes burned, his head spun round, and a fresh, wild idea flashed before him, and seemed to obliterate every thought of help or rescue, — every hope.

He began selecting from among the sharks that still restlessly swam round him, the one on which he would hurl himself, and destroy it with the short knife he carried. Again and again had this one attacked him, and left him no peace

or rest for an hour; even though it was received and attacked with the heavy staff, it would still return, the greediest of the greedy band, and he would take his revenge on this one.

But his strength left him, and the fearful mental and bodily excitement threatened to overcome him. While the sharks, after daybreak, made no direct attack on their prisoner, though they still swam round the dead whale, he had sunk on his knees, and merely followed with lack-lustre eye the movements of the dark, remaining fins.

The cheery shout from the saving boat was the first thing that roused him from his stupor: he saw the boat, but seemed hardly to understand what it meant, or where he really was. But he raised himself once again — felt himself supported by other arms, greeted with kind, hearty, encouraging words, and fell back in a fainting state.

The harpooner had received orders, on reach-

ing the dark spot, if he found it really a dead whale, to give the signal by waving a white flag he took with him, and remain there until the other boats were sent to his help, and to take the dead fish in tow. They had not expected, however, to find a single, half-dead comrade upon it. Hence the harpooner certainly gave the signal, and hoisted the flag on the body of the dead whale, that the other boats might find the spot, but then started back for the ship as fast as oars could impel the boat.

Three of the sharks, which would not permit the prey they had so certainly considered their own to be torn from them so easily, followed the boat, and were lanced and killed from the boat by the harpooner, who could easily suppose how they must have terrified and attacked his unhappy comrade all through his fearful night on a whale.

JOHN CONROY HUTCHESON.

STRANGE GUESTS UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

ONE summer, when it was very hot in the valleys and great towns of Italy, I went up to a mountain to spend several weeks. We drove for a long way, and then the road was so steep that the carriage could go no further, and we sent it back. The sides of the mountain were covered with a pine forest, and there were ferns and mosses and wild flowers springing up all about our path. Some of us walked, and some took donkeys and mules. Teddie and Charlie came up in the funniest way in the world. Two round baskets were slung upon a mule, and in each basket was a darling little boy.

Well! we were very happy in our mountain home. We seemed to have the world at our feet, and sometimes the clouds lay below us, and hid the valley altogether for a little time, so that we were living by ourselves, and could not even see the towns and villages below us. There were lovely walks about us, and beautiful scenery. At the foot of the mountain, a calm blue lake spread away; in the distance, were ranges of snow-covered mountains, — the great Mont Blanc of which you have read, and others. From our windows, without even raising our heads from our pillows, Susie and I could see the sun touch the head of Mont Blanc, and then fall on the next lower mountain, and the next, until they were all glowing in the beautiful light, and a

new day had begun. And all the children, from little Eddie, who could just speak a few words, to Susie who was a great girl, old enough to carry him about in her arms, were out-of-doors all day long. They built themselves houses like Robinson Crusoe, strung berries for necklaces and bracelets, picked wild flowers, and ran races in the beautiful woods.

We were almost ready to leave our sweet summer home and go down to the valley again, when the Unwelcome Guest arrived. He came in a very great hurry, puffing and blowing as he rushed from the forest into the house. He had never been introduced to one of us, but that made no difference with him. He made himself at home at once. Even after I had gone to bed, he began to rattle at the door the very first night he arrived. Of course I was not going to let him in, but he shook and pushed until the poor door could not bear it any longer, and was forced to open. In came Mr. Le Vent, as he was called, peeping and peering about, meddling with every thing in the room, and finally crossing to the window, which he began to rattle as he had done the door. Indeed he made such a disturbance that I could not bear it any longer. So I got up and put him out of the room, and locked the door. Then he flew out of the house, and began to swing on the trees, and finally climbed

up and amused himself by opening and shutting the outside blinds. He never went to sleep at all, and I began to think he would not let us do so either, for he was at some noisy trick or other the whole night. When the children went out the next morning to the house they had built in the woods, they found that the mischievous fellow had pulled it down; and while they were at work building another, he pulled Teddie's hat off, and sent it rolling down the mountain. When we went to walk, he went too, and how teasing he was! He pulled our dresses about, flung leaves in our faces, pulled the flowers, shook off branches from the pines, and finally climbed a tree and threw down Robin Redbreast's little house. To be sure, Robin and his wife and children were not there. They always go South in the winter on account of Mrs. Robin, who has a delicate throat; but next spring when they come back, they will have to build a new house, and you may imagine how vexed they will be about it. In the afternoon it rained, and we could not go out, and Mr. Le Vent began to whistle about the house like a whole army of school-boys on a frolic. Sometimes we could hardly hear ourselves speak, he was so noisy.

What a disagreeable, impertinent fellow, you will say; and I must confess that it was sometimes hard to be patient with him. But it is a very good plan, I find, to think of all the good things people do, and then you can be more patient with them. Now Mr. Le Vent had just done a very kind thing for me, and I could not help thanking him very much. Two of my friends left our dear country to come and see me in my home across the water. It so happened that Mr. Le Vent was one of the passengers in the steamer with them, and I know that he sometimes was very annoying. But when my friends were sea-sick, he was very kind, and sometimes fanned them by the hour together. And then he often went on deck, and helped with all his might to hurry the steamer along. Even at night, he was very industrious, and climbed up the sails, and worked so hard that my friends reached land much sooner than they could have done without his help.

And then, too, he is very old, and we must respect old people you know. Yes, he is older than grandmamma or grandpapa, or the old woman to whom mamma sometimes sends nice things. And do you know that he helped Columbus to find our country? I remember reading, when I was a little girl, that the sailors were tired out,—they had sailed and sailed for so long

and had seen nothing but the blue sky and the ocean. So they became discouraged, and insisted upon turning the ship about and going home. At last Columbus had to promise that if they did not come to land in three days, he would do as they wished, and give up trying to find the New World, which he was sure was not very distant. The fact is that Mr. Le Vent was asleep, and had been for some time, and the ship could not move fast without his help. But he awoke, and went to work like a good fellow, and he is so strong that he can push a ship along. Before the end of the three days, he had pushed Columbus and the sailors to America, and our country was found. Then Columbus went on shore, and Mr. Le Vent went too, and hid himself in the great forests.

There is one very strange thing about Mr. Le Vent: you can never see him. He will come and whisper in your ear, but before you can turn around, he has gone, and is perhaps whistling behind the door. He must be very black, one would think, for he is always climbing chimneys, but, black or white, you never see him.

And now, can you tell me the name of the Unwelcome Guest? I mean the name by which he is called at home, for I have only given you his European name. And he goes to America every winter, and is very well known there. See if you can find him out; and if you can, I will tell you of other strange people whom we met in the mountains.

In our mountain home, to which there came the Unwelcome Guest, we were obliged to have many things brought to us from the valley below. There were cows and chickens on the mountain, so that we had always milk and cream and fresh eggs. But every day other things were brought, and we used to see Mr. Gaillard in his white cap and apron looking over the meat and butter and honey, the great baskets of bread and packages of groceries which had been sent to him. Every day, too, about three o'clock, we watched the mules come slowly up the path. Then there was a cry,—“Here they come! here they are!” and we all ran out into the porticoes, or in front of the house. For in the bottom of the great round baskets which the mules carried, was the mail. There were the welcome letters from dear friends, and the papers which told us about the war; for it was before these happy, peaceful days. The children crowded about us to know if papa was well, or the grandmamma in the far-off land. But they soon went off to play,

and we were left to read our letters, and talk over the news.

Sometimes, just at night, there came up a great school of happy, merry boys, who with their bags and their alpen-stocks were enjoying their vacation by taking long walks in the mountains. Then, what a chattering there was, until they had eaten their supper and gone to bed on great heaps of straw in the barn. One day there came up very early a poor little Italian boy. It was late in the season, after Mr. Le Vent had come, and the poor boy shivered with the cold. He had come from his sunny home among the vineyards, to try and earn money by playing on his organ; and although he played merry tunes and sang lively airs, his face was very sad, for his heart was full of longing for his southern home. I talked with him, and he told me his story. He lived near Naples, and was the oldest of six children. He and his father and mother and another little brother who was old enough to work, could not earn enough to keep themselves and the little ones from hunger. So he had come away to take care of himself, and try and earn money to help the others. He had a kind master, who fed him, and gave him half of what he earned. "But oh, one dies of cold here, lady," he said, "and it is so sad without the mamma and the little ones." I comforted him as well as I could, and we made up quite a little purse for him. Mr. Gaillard fed him well, and gave him some old clothes. He went away looking much more happy. Poor child! I wonder if he has gone home to those he loved so well; I hope so.

But I promised to tell you of some more of the queer people whom we met on the mountain. One of them was Mr. Le Bateau. He stayed with us part of the time, and part of the summer he spent sailing on the boat which went up and down the lake. Mr. Le Bateau always wore a dark brown coat and light gloves. But what was very strange, he never brought a hat with him to the mountain, and no matter how hard it rained, he would never carry an umbrella; and although I often knew him to wet his coat, I never knew him to change it. He was a very excellent-tempered fellow, and very quiet; never talked nonsense or gossip, and had never told a lie in his life. But there was one very queer thing about him. Although generally particularly polite to ladies, always ready to give up his seat to them, and anxious to please them, he was very rude when they danced. As soon as the dance began, he rushed at the ladies, seized their dresses, and tried to pull them away, at the same

time scolding loudly. Then of course the dance had to be stopped until he was sent away. When he found that the ladies were determined to do as they pleased, he always went off in a very bad humor, muttering and growling to himself. He never gave any reason for his strange conduct, and we finally learned to excuse it, because he was so good in every other respect. And when it was decided to have a dance, we coaxed him into another room.

Madame Barbe Blanche was one of those who were never invited to dance. She was very plain. Of course, it was not her fault, but besides having a very homely face, she had a long beard. Now a beard on a lady, you know, is really very bad. Still, as she never seemed to think of her looks, we should have forgotten them too, I think, had she been a lady-like person. She always dressed very neatly. In the summer, she wore white. Her boots were very heavy, and made with high heels, so that she made a great clattering when she walked. She did not pay any board, but sold milk to Mr. Gaillard instead; and she had rooms over the stable, and her own private table.

But I am sorry to say she was very greedy. We always brought her something nice from our dessert, and she was very impolite in snatching it from our hands, or searching our pockets for it. I have even known her to climb into a gentleman's lap, for she was short of her age, to seize something from his hand. And once, when the table was prepared for dinner, she clattered into the room and carried off the bread out of our napkins. If she had ever been ashamed of herself, we should have hoped she would improve; but she never was; and if you were to see her to-morrow, you would probably find her as bad as ever.

But we girls and women know very well that the really bad people are not to be found among us. And if Madame Barbe Blanche behaved ill, Mr. Corbello certainly behaved much worse. He was a short fat person, who was very particular about his clothes. He always wore his dress-coat, which was made without pockets, and buttoned up tight in the throat. His stockings were black like his coat, and fastened above his knee, and he wore low shoes. I should think they must have pinched his toes, for he walked very queerly, having a sort of little hop, which was not at all graceful. His voice was very harsh and disagreeable. He had fine black eyes and a very dark complexion.

Mr. Corbello was a great hunter, and every

morning went up into the mountain behind the house, to kill game for his breakfast, which he ate very rare. He was very bright and clever, but we could not respect him, for he had some very bad habits.

In the first place, he was very impertinent and meddlesome. The doors of our rooms stood open all day to let in the soft air and warm sun. And Mr. Corbello used to come marching in, without ever thinking of knocking, or asking if it was convenient to receive him. Once in the rooms, he could let nothing alone. He emptied our work-boxes, pulled at the worsteds, tangled the silks, scratched the books, threw down the little articles upon the tables, and in every way behaved like a little naughty child. When we made him let these things alone, he would go to the wash-stand, dip his face into the pitcher, take hold of the glasses, and fling the water about the room. Sometimes he would come to our rooms in the morning, before we were up, and make such a noise that we could not sleep. And he would even pull our hair, or do something of the kind to make us rise and amuse him.

But I have not told you the worst thing about Mr. Corbello. It is almost too bad to believe, but it is really quite true. Mr. Corbello was a thief! He had sometimes picked up our worsteds or our spools and run away with them; but he always dropped them on the piazza, and so we thought it was only another of his naughty tricks.

But one morning the sun had thrown so glorious a light upon Mont Blanc, and every thing

was so beautiful in the clear, cloudless atmosphere, that Susie opened her door to see it more plainly. There she found Mr. Corbello, who had just come in from hunting, and who was hiding something under one of the boards of the piazza. He was very much frightened when he saw Susie, and tried to run away with the things. But Susie was too quick for him. She lifted up the board, and there she found a breast-pin and two rings belonging to one of her friends, which Mr. Corbello had taken from her dressing-table. Only think what a dreadful thing!

After that, of course we did not let Mr. Corbello come into our rooms at all, and every body in the house knew that he was a thief. I cannot tell you what has become of him. We left him on the mountain when we came away. It was very early in the morning, and he had just gone off hunting. One of his brothers has, I hear, been shut up in prison, but I think he is still at liberty. I hope he has learned to behave better — do not you?

I think I must tell you one thing more about those queer people. They were not exactly people like you and me. Mr. Bateau and Madame Barbe Blanche had each of them four feet. Mr. Corbello had two, but then he had no hands. Mr. Le Vent had neither hands nor feet.

Have you guessed now something more about them? Some of you have, I know. So I may as well confess that Mr. Corbello was a black magpie; Mr. Bateau was a dog; and Mr. Le Vent the cold autumn wind; and as for Madame Barbe Blanche, she was a white goat.

G. B. MUMFORD.



THE VINTAGE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

THE grape-vine is a charming object, with its broad, fresh leaves, its garland-like growth, and its friendly, sociable ways, which really look as if prompted by a warm heart. Plant it beside a tree and up it mounts among the branches, clasping them tenderly about, and tossing down a "good morrow" from every one of its curling tendrils. Let it spring beside a fence and it is just as contented to see the world from a lesser height. Indeed, its only ambition is to peep between the boards, or climb over the top and down the other side in search of companions whom it embraces after the most loving fashion. Its skillful fingers adorn every thing it touches. If it has but an old stump for a neighbor, it forthwith weaves about it a drapery so lovely in color and admirable in arrangement that no painter can rival it with his brush, and no prince imitate it with all his treasures. Then, it is retiring and domestic in its family habits; never flaunting its blossoms in the face of the passer-by, but building an arbor-like house, green, and sweet, and cool, and perfecting its flowers, and rounding its berries in this pleasant shelter.

Now, as long ago as the days of Noah, people found out that the juice of the grape would make a drink very pleasant to the taste; and though they also learned that it would steal away the reason, and turn men into brutes, they have planted vineyards and experimented upon them from that time to this. Without so much as saying, "By your leave," they have meddled with the private affairs of the poor vine in the most remarkable manner. They have broken rudely in upon its home quiet, have pulled up and set down, have cut and slashed, have drenched it with drugs, and forced it into marriages with distant relatives whom it neither knew nor cared for. As far as possible they have deprived it of its bending and swaying grace, and have done their best to give it a stiff, business-like look and air. In some of the more famous vineyards the vines are planted upon the ridges of deep furrows, and fastened to low palings with strings of bark. Not one of them is allowed to grow over two feet high, every unnecessary leaf is cut away, every cluster is turned broadly to the light, and if a cunning little tendril, escaping the general massacre, ventures ever so quietly to caress a neighboring cousin, snip goes the fatal scissors and down falls the unlucky wanderer fainting and dying to the ground. Still, though

the vineyard is by no means the shady, bowery place which one might naturally fancy, it is pleasing through its associations; for the vine has always been the emblem of fertility and abundance, and its harvest has always been celebrated in an especial manner with laughter and song.

The labors and pleasures of the vintage vary somewhat in different places; so instead of saying that people do this here and something else there, I will describe it as it appears in Southern France. Not that it is precisely the same there in all cases, for one man is stingy and gives his laborers nothing but black bread and lard for food, and the open field, or at most a tent, for a sleeping-room; while another more liberal supplies their wants with a free and willing hand. In the vineyards which produce wine worth several dollars the bottle, the rules are very strict, and the gathering proceeds as diligently and almost as silently as our harvests. The owner stalks hither and thither watchful over the precious clusters, and making sure that no over-ripe or blighted grapes go to the press, that none are overlooked and none wasted, and that no leaves or tendrils are thrown into the juicy mass; and, of course, this exactness checks the inclination to jollity. In unimportant vineyards, again, where the vine is intended entirely or chiefly for home use, neighbor helps neighbor and the whole affair is little more than a festival. It is only in those mixed properties where—as it often happens—districts of immense value lie side by side with others unknown to fame, that all the features of the gay and busy season can be seen and enjoyed; and for that reason I have chosen such an one for the subject of my sketch.

October is the vintage month in Southern France, and by the end of August the wine-grower begins to watch the clouds, to observe the quantity of morning and evening dew, and to shiver with dread in every breeze that happens to sweep by, because the flavor and richness of his wine depend much upon the weather while the grapes are gathering their last sweetness and putting on their perfect bloom. Now and then, the peasants—who are Roman Catholics for the most part—become so anxious about their little crops that they go to church to pray to St. Christopher for a blessing on the harvest. Perhaps it is an evening pilgrimage to some convenient shrine, when the priest and the crucifix head the procession, and along the line of moving figures the

lights burn and flash, striking their rays through the tangled vine-growths, brightening the foliage of the walnut-trees, and gleaming against the stern outlines and dark lances of the firs. Sometimes it is merely a service to ward off the effects of a coming storm, and the bell sends its solemn sounds through the hot silence, or mingles them with the distant mutterings and rattling volleys of the thunder.

At length the fruit fulfills its promise, and both by tint and taste says, "Come, gather me." Hundreds of hearts are glad at the call, and hundreds of hands are quick to answer. The coopers make the air ring with the sharp, quick blows of their hammers, as they put new hoops to the vats and mash-tubs, which, after they are thus strengthened, are scrubbed, and finally scalded with hot brandy that no speck of mold may taint their freshness. The basket-makers are in full force joining the gaping rims of the last year's baskets, mending the broken handles, and filling up the holes, when they are drenched at the pump till they are as delicately clean as the drops that go sparkling and dancing over them. Briskly move the women hither and thither. Some are barefooted, some wear sabots or wooden shoes, and some indulge in stout leather ones over blue woolen stockings. Busy and bustling they show their eagerness in the very whisk of their gay petticoats, the set of their snowy caps, and the twist of their bright cotton head-dresses.

Within doors the proprietor is equally employed. Seated at his desk he receives the bands of wandering vintagers who pour into the wine-districts at this season from all the other departments of France. There are men from Brittany in leather gaiters, breeches like bags, short jackets, and hats with enormous brims, from beneath which their hair falls to the waist in black masses; and Breton women in dresses of three colors, — bodice, sleeves, and skirt being each of a different hue, and each equally worn and faded. There are men of the Landes, — the country of sand and pine-trees lying between Bordeaux and Bayonne, — in ragged pantaloons, and sheep-skin cloaks, with high peaked hoods; and there are handsome Gascons, and rough, dangerous-looking men from the high Pyrenees. These make up bands of from fifteen to twenty men and women, and appoint a chief, whose sceptre is a stout cudgel which he uses freely when all does not go to his mind. The proprietor examines these strolling companions, hires such as he pleases, and writes out the agreements which he makes with them in his great ledger.

Early the next morning the toil begins. Under the watchful eyes of the proprietor and the head vine-dresser the work-people spread themselves through the green alleys; click, click, click, go the shears, and down fall the clusters in a purple shower. The quickly filled baskets are seized by the army of olive-skinned, black-eyed bearers, who constantly move to and fro through the narrow avenues to heap the yawning tubs with their fragrant burden. White caps, small and close, or tall and stiff as the hat of a grenadier; turbans gaudy with scarlet and yellow, broad-brimmed hats of straw and felt, and uncovered locks jet black and flying in the wind, appear and disappear at every moment. Not less active are the children, who, stained from head to foot with the rich juice, help or hinder at will; and either patter along with pails and pitchers adapted to their strength, gather snails to boil and eat with vinegar, play at hide-and-seek, or nap in the shadow of the neighboring walnut-trees.

In the less valuable vineyards the head vine-dresser holds sway, — a light and easy one, however, which does not prevent many practical jokes, a favorite among which is making mustaches. In this rough pastime men and women, boys and girls, engage with equal ardor; and, creeping slyly behind the intended victim, pouncing upon him from an ambush of vines, or running him down in a fair chase, they throw their arms round his neck and crush a bunch of over-ripe grapes upon his mouth and nose until the juice flies in streams from between their fingers, and flows down upon the jacket or bodice of the sufferer, as the sex may be.

Every body eats grapes, and eats them continually. At least, the mouths appear to be always full, and yet every body jokes, every body laughs, and every body sings. Sometimes the women begin and the men join in the chorus. Sometimes the air is given in one part of the field, and the choros rings from another. Sometimes the men and women sing alternately, and sometimes they sing together. All is life, movement, and jollity, pleasing both to the eye and ear.

Meanwhile, the patient oxen, with much labor and straining, drag the rough vintage carts laden with grapes over the grass-grown paths, under the guidance of two or three strong men, who now push at a wheel stuck fast in a hollow, and now steady the cart-body to prevent an overturn. Soon they arrive at the press, which is usually a very stout, shallow tub placed either upon

wooden supporters or a platform of masonry. In a twinkling the tubs are lifted from the cart, and their half-crushed contents are turned into this receiver. In leap the treaders, great, tawny fellows, with their trousers rolled up to the thighs, and their shirt-sleeves turned back to the shoulders. Their long black hair clings to their foreheads drenched with perspiration; their eyes flash, and their gold rings sway and glitter in their brown ears as they jump and stamp upon, or rather in, the yielding fruit. Away goes the juice at every blow, spurting, rushing, bubbling, through holes in the side of the press close to the bottom, carrying with it a quantity of skins, which it leaves in a sieve of iron or wicker-work as it passes into tubs below. When its first gush is over, the leaping and stamping changes to a sort of dance, during which the treaders with their wooden spades turn and toss the partly squeezed grapes so as to bring every one under their feet, and all the while a fiddler plays a succession of merry tunes to keep up their spirits through their tiresome task. As fast as the tubs are filled they are carried to the vats, borne up the ladders to the top, and emptied in; the dripping skins being added afterward.

About midday the shears drop from the tired fingers, the baskets are left wherever they happen to stand, the treaders leap joyfully from the press, and all go to a neighboring field to dinner. There they throw themselves upon the grass in friendly little groups, and the servants of the proprietor wait upon them as they sit. Some distribute deep plates or wooden bowls, others carry round huge pieces of brown bread, while others still take charge of the hot soup which they dip with great ladles out of pots straight from the kitchen-fire, thickening each dish full with morsels of boiled beef. A barrel of piquette — the very poorest possible wine — is tapped to be drunk at leisure, and the meal goes on with an appearance of hearty enjoyment not always found at far richer entertainments. When it is over a part of the vintagers lie down in the shade, while others fill up the period of rest with quiet family talk, boasting praise of distant homes, or stories of wolf and bear hunts in the Breton forests and the Pyrenean mountains. The signal for work is also the signal for renewed fun, saucy questions and pert replies, for songs and mustaches; but the merriment is hardly so overflowing as in the morning, and as the sun goes down many voices drop from the laughter and chorus.

At dusk comes the supper, which is dinner

over again; and the weary people creep away to their sleeping-place in the great barn. There are no beds there, to be sure; but the floor is covered with clean straw, and nails are driven here and there for the bundles and knapsacks of the wanderers. The men lie down upon one side with their heads to the wall, the women take the other side, and the chief of the band stretches himself between the rows of feet, his cudgel at his side, ready for the shoulders of any one noisy enough to spoil his early nap.

By the time the vats are full, one may hear the liquid far below the surface gush, and seethe, and hiss, as if foretelling the wonderful change it is about to undergo from a harmless, muddy-looking fluid to the sparkling, richly tinted beverage which occasions untold misery and countless crimes. It gives out a strong and almost stifling scent, a warning alike to master and thief not to meddle with it in this day of its power. For no sooner does fermentation commence than carbonic acid gas begins to rise, which soon poisons the atmosphere so that nobody can breathe it and live. As yet, however, there is no danger; and the cry is heard, "Now for the baptism!" The proprietor takes his keys and goes to the great cellar followed by the vintagers, who cover the stairs and gather about the entrance to see the ceremony, which, though annually repeated, never loses its interest. A member of the family, or perhaps a guest, ascends the ladder of the nearest vat, and receives a cup filled with juice for the purpose. Lifting it to his lips, he calls out, "*Vive le vin!*" and tosses the remainder into the vat. "*Vive le vin!*" echo the vintagers, and the shout goes sounding through the court-yard and over the now deserted vineyards. Then the heavy doors are swung to, the bolts are drawn, the keys are turned, and so rapidly will the gas fill the cellar that in twenty-four hours it will be death to enter it.

Close upon this ceremony follows the vintage feast, for which the barn serves as supper-room and dancing-hall. Away flies the straw before the quick strokes of the broom, and rude tables go rapidly up, which soon creak under the great dishes of bread, soup, meat, and vegetables. The eatables disposed of, the floor is cleared, the fiddler strikes up, and the dancers go whirling and laughing down the room, the clatter of their wooden shoes keeping time to the music. The old men smoke and drink piquette, the old women watch the figures, and the children crack nuts, eat apples, run races almost under the tripping feet, and contrive in various ways to raise such a

racket that it is wonderful, on the whole, how any head can bear it.

The next morning the stronger laborers are dismissed, but the wine-making is not entirely over. When the first wine is drawn off, the skins and stalks are taken out of the vats and put in a sort of cask, the staves of which are placed at a little distance apart. In the centre of the cask there is a perpendicular iron screw, which being worked, presses this rape — as it is

named — and obtains from it a thin, bitter liquid, which can be called wine only through courtesy. The refuse, or rape, is again used, being soaked in water and then returned to the press, and the result is piquette, which is kept for servants and laborers. After this, the utmost ingenuity fails to obtain any thing from the trampled, shoveled, and mangled remains, and the vineyard rests until a new spring comes to crown it with bloom and beauty.

M. G. SLEEPER.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

IV.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

THE old city of Tyre was once one of the proudest and wealthiest cities on the globe. Its commerce was extensive, its merchants prosperous, and its kings were very powerful. But Tyre had lost something of its ancient grandeur when young Pericles ascended the throne of his fathers. Rival kingdoms had arisen whose power was feared and dreaded in Tyre. It was, therefore, very necessary that the young prince, who was learned and thoughtful and possessed the virtues of mature manhood, should ally himself in marriage with some kingdom whose influence and power would prop the falling fortune of Tyre.

With this purpose the prince began to look about him as soon as he was of age to marry. The kingdom of Syria was ruled by king Antiochus, a powerful but cruel monarch. He had one daughter of whom Pericles had heard as one of the fairest and most accomplished of women. Antiochus offered this daughter in marriage to any princely suitor who could guess a certain riddle, which he made and propounded to all who came to woo her. If the suitor should guess the answer to the riddle, he was to receive the princess in marriage; if he failed, his head was instantly struck off and placed on the palace gates as a warning to all fool-hardy lovers. Notwithstanding this horrible penalty, however, many princes had lost their heads in their love for the daughter of Antiochus, and day after day a row of ghastly heads, rotted on the palace walls of Antioch.

Now Pericles was a prince of very subtle and clear intellect, and also possessed of undaunted courage. He did not believe so hard a riddle

could be made that he could not unravel its meaning, and as he knew an alliance with the princess of Antioch would be most favorable to the prosperity of Tyre, he set out prepared to risk his head for the possession of her hand.

He was received at the palace of Antiochus with much civility, and was urged very earnestly by the king not to peril his life so rashly, but Pericles was resolved on the attempt, and insisted on hearing the riddle propounded. Antiochus showed much anger at his resolution, and gave him the scroll which contained the fatal words. The princess herself, who was usually unmoved at the fate of her lovers, changed color and trembled in her anxiety for his fate.

Pericles read the words of the riddle, and with a quickness which showed his wonderful judgment, he divined its meaning. But he also guessed that to answer it rightly would forever offend the king, and make him his enemy. So he stood irresolute before the king and princess. If he showed the king he had guessed the secret, he would draw upon himself the vengeance of Antiochus, which was powerful enough to follow him to Tyre; if he failed to answer, his head was no longer his own. Thinking thus, he asked the king for some days in which to consider the matter. Antiochus, who read in the hesitation of Pericles the fact that his secret was discovered, granted his request, and Pericles went out of his presence, and in a few hours had fled the city and was on his way to Tyre. As soon as he had gone, Antiochus summoned to him one of his trusty villains, and instructed him to follow Pericles without delay, and take his life at the first opportunity, by poison or dagger, or in any manner which suited the occasion best. But Pericles

was prudent and far-seeing. He knew that by guessing the riddle which Antiochus had imagined could never be solved, he had forever drawn upon himself the king's wrath, and he judged that the wicked monarch would pursue him to the uttermost with his schemes for vengeance. He knew, too, that Tyre was not strong enough to contest in a war with Antioch, and he thought it best to secrete himself for the present, judging that Antioch would not harm Tyre if he should absent himself for a time from that city and go into some other kingdom. As soon as he reached his own palace, therefore, he called to him a friend and counselor called Helicanus, a man of most remarkable probity and loyalty, and, leaving his kingdom and all his affairs in his hands, set sail for the city of Tharsus.

Pericles had heard rumors of a famine in Tharsus, and he prudently loaded his ships with corn, knowing that by relieving the distresses of the people he should gain their good-will, and be able to remain there, quietly hidden from the vengeance of Antiochus. He arrived at Tharsus and found Cleon, the governor, and his wife Dionyza, plunged in great affliction on account of the distress in the city. People were dying in the streets for want of food, and at the very gates of the governor's palace young Pericles stumbled over the dead bodies of mothers, who lay clasping to their breasts the forms of their famished babes.

The corn with which his ships were loaded afforded instant relief, and the grateful people overwhelmed him with gratitude and blessings. He stayed there for some time in peace and quietness, till suddenly a letter was received from the trusty Helicanus, informing him that Antiochus had discovered his refuge and would try any means to compass his death.

On this, Pericles again took to his ships, which were still in the harbor of Tharsus, and, without proper preparation for the voyage, set out for any port which offered him shelter. Thus it happened, his ships not being properly manned and managed, that they were overtaken by a storm, which destroyed the vessel in which Pericles was, and he was cast upon the coast of Pentapolis, on a barren shore, which was, however, only a few hours' ride from the palace of the very good king Simonides.

The waves which cast Pericles on this inhospitable-looking beach had engulfed all the worldly possessions he had brought with him from Tyre. He had thrown off his garments in his buffeting with the waters, and stood almost naked upon the shore. A few honest old fisher-

men, who were fishing near by, accosted him with words of pity for his forlorn condition. One of them offered him food and shelter for his pressing needs, and all crowded around him to hear of his escape.

They told him that the city of the good Simonides was only a few hours distant, and that on the morrow a grand tournament would be held in celebration of the princess Thaisa, the only child of Simonides. Whilst the fishermen were telling these things, to which Pericles listened with open ears, one of them dropped his net into the sea, and presently drew up, entangled in the lines, a complete suit of armor, somewhat rusty, but still fit for wearing. Pericles seized a hope which the sight of this armor suggested, and begged the fisherman to give it him, that he might be able to attend the tourney on the morrow, and joust in the princess's honor, hoping that by his skill in feats of arms he might attract the notice, and win the favor of, the king. The kind-hearted fisherman consented, only requesting Pericles to remember him if he were successful, and the good old man who had offered him shelter, generously promised his best gown to make a tunic to wear underneath his armor. So Pericles retired to rest under the humble roof of the fisherman, with his brain full of hopes and plans, and slept the sleep of great weariness.

In the morning Pericles found himself quite bravely furnished forth. The wife of the fisherman had worked all night to make him garments from the ample gown of her husband, and the armor had been mended and polished as well as it might be. Besides all this, the old fellow lent him his only horse, and thus furnished, Pericles rode gallantly off for the court of Simonides.

He arrived at the tournament just in time to enter his name on the lists, and pass in with the other knights who took part. Simonides and Thaisa sat upon a raised throne, placed under a crimson canopy at the extremity of the amphitheatre in which the tourney was to take place. Pericles looked at the princess and thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever gazed upon. Her face was modest, yet full of wit and sprightliness, and she was wonderfully graceful in person.

The first knight rode in, bearing on his shield an Ethiop reaching for the sun, with this motto: "*Lux tua mihi vita*;" then a second passed in, a third, a fourth, a fifth, and last came Pericles, his armor looking dull and tarnished beside the glittering suits of his rivals. The device on his shield was a withered branch, with a few green

leaves budding from its top, and this motto: "*In hac spe vivo.*" Notwithstanding the meanness of his attire, the princeliness of Pericles shone through his clothing, so that to the clear eyes of the princess he seemed the noblest and bravest of them all.

The tourney commenced with the waving of colors, the sound of trumpets, and the ringing notes of the bugles. At the beginning of the combat Pericles and the first knight rode twice rapidly round the amphitheatre and approached each other at full speed with extended spears. At the shock of the onset both horses threw themselves nearly erect upon their haunches, and when the dust cleared away, the adversary of Pericles lay stretched, pale and fainting, upon the earth. One after another thus engaged with him, and one by one they were left unhorsed and powerless, till at last, with broken spear and covered with dust and sweat of the encounter, young Pericles stood alone upon the field. Worn and dizzy from the affray, he dismounted, and knelt at the feet of the princess to receive the silver wreath of victory, which she placed upon his head. With her fair hand she gave him her colors to wear upon his helmet, and looking up into her face he gave and received a glance which sealed the fate of both. For Pericles knew from that moment that for him there lived no other woman, and Thaisa felt her heart melted in the ardent glance from the eyes of the young stranger.

The tourney over, Simonides held a great banquet at which all the nobles and ladies of the court were present. Among these, Pericles in his rusty armor proved himself as accomplished in the graces of the dance as in feats of arms. Being pressed to show his skill in music, he took a lyre and improvised some words and music in praise of the princess, which more than ever won the heart of the king, who could not disguise his delight, but gave him the hand of Thaisa as his partner in the dance. So the night wore on in feasting and revelry till the last candle burnt out in the banquet hall.

Pericles remained some months at the court of Simonides. Every evening he resolved to leave the court on the following morning, and every morning he found some excuse for remaining one day more. "The truth was, he loved very dearly the young princess, and believed that she loved him. But he knew his affairs were in so bad a state from the lasting enmity of King Antiochus

that he felt it would be ungenerous in him to ask her to share his fallen fortunes. He had all this time kept his name and rank a secret from Simonides, believing his only safety was in his obscurity. But the noble old king had treated him with such distinction as his merits deserved, without asking whether he was of proud or humble origin. Simonides was one of the rarest of men, for he saw that true nobility was altogether in the man and not in his surroundings; and the manner in which he treated Prince Per-



icles proved that his people did not prize him too dearly, when they esteemed him the best and wisest of rulers.

Thaisa inherited her father's spirit. To her, the young hero who had shown himself brave in arms, skilled in the elegant arts, and whose conversation she found each day sparkling with wit and knowledge, was worthy of her love, even if he were beggared by adverse fortune. So when at length one day her father pressed her to decide on some one to whom she would give herself in marriage, she went to her chamber and pouring out her heart in a letter to Simonides,

she informed him that the shipwrecked stranger had gained her love, and she desired him only, of all men she had ever seen, to be her lord and husband.

Simonides was delighted at this answer, and sent to bring the young people together in his presence. At first, affecting to be angry, he accused Pericles of having secretly won his daughter's affections. Pericles answered that he did love the princess. He confessed so much, for who could look on her and fail to love her. But he declared that, knowing his forlorn and beggared condition, he would sooner have died than made known his love.

At this, Simonides could no longer dissemble, but, joining the hands of the young couple, he blessed them as his son and daughter, and went instantly out to vent his great joy in preparations for their immediate nuptials. Thus Pericles became the husband of this charming princess, and continued in the court of Simonides in the enjoyment of a contentment so perfect, that it seemed as if the future could have no more ill fortune in store for him.

But his adventures were not yet to cease. Nearly a year had passed since his marriage without hearing from his deserted kingdom of Tyre. Every thing was not quiet in that city, however. Helicanus had ruled with great wisdom in his stead, but the people did not accept him as their real ruler, and were impatient and angry at the long, unexplained absence of their proper lord. At last impatience rose to mutiny against Pericles, and a deputation of lords waited on Helicanus to inform him, that as he had long wielded the sceptre very wisely, they wished to place the crown on his head, whose deserts were no less than such an honor. It happened that Helicanus had just received news of the death of Antiochus, and he now knew that it would be safe for his master to return to Tyre. He therefore begged the nobles to give him one year in which to find Pericles and restore to him his throne, and promised, if at the end of that time he were not found, to be himself crowned king. With this the citizens were obliged to be content, and this loyal minister of Pericles sent messengers

and letters in all directions, to find the prince. After long search they heard of him in Pentapolis, and going to that city they besought him to accompany them back to Tyre.

When Thaisa found that he was really a prince of so much repute she did not love him more, since that was impossible, but she rejoiced at his good fortune, and begged him to go immediately to Tyre. He would have had her remain at her father's court till he could go to his kingdom and make preparations to receive her, but she longed so much to accompany him that he had not the will to forbid her. A ship was fitted out with all possible comfort and elegance, an ample train of female attendants accompanied Thaisa, and in great state they set sail from the harbor of Pentapolis. Every thing seemed to promise a calm and pleasant journey. But the ill fortune which had for a season seemed to forget Pericles again assailed him. A few days they sailed fairly and prosperously, but at the end of that time a violent storm arose, and the ship was beaten and tossed about by the waves. In the midst of this disaster, while the winds and the waves were at their worst, amid the roaring of waters, the creaking of timbers, and the volley of thunder, an infant daughter was born to Pericles. Thaisa did not live to see the face of her babe; for worn out with her anxiety, and the terror she had endured from the storm, she fell into a stupor from which she could not be recovered and breathed out her life on the bosom of her faithful servant, her nurse Lychorida. Pericles awaited the subsiding of the storm to put into the nearest port and give her queenly burial rites, but the superstition of the sailors had been aroused by the terrific storm. They insisted that the corpse of Thaisa should be thrown overboard, declaring that the storm would never abate while it was in the vessel. Pericles was obliged to yield to their clamors, and a chest was prepared for the body of the poor queen. Within this he spread the costliest stuffs the ship afforded, — cloths of gold and silver, rare spices, and choicest perfumes; then decorating her form with jewels, and shrouding it in satin, he placed Thaisa in the chest, and threw it into the sea.

[To be concluded.]



FAVORITE GAMES.

It was Nellie Hastings's twelfth birthday. The party given her in honor of that event was nearly half over. Some of the little girls thought the best part was already gone; and these were the ones who liked chicken-salad, sandwiches, lady-fingers, cake and nuts, better than parlor-croquet, "blind-man's-buff," "I think of a word that rhymes," or any other of the many games for the active feet or busy heads of the little folks. The favorite games of several little girls had been tried, (for all have their preferences in play as well as in work,) when Gracie Fairchild proposed what she liked best of all. Ralph Willis had just begun to propose his favorite, but broke the sentence short in the middle out of regard to Gracie, to whom all were ready to listen; and it is about these two games that I am going to tell you; so that if you have n't tried them, or had as good a time over them as Nellie's company had, you can do so the next time you have either "an extemporaneous party" or a regularly invited one.

Gracie's favorite was what she called "*Guessing the Sign.*"

"You know," she said, "there used to be an old-fashioned way of playing this: a person would wish for something, say an apple, while one of the number was out of the room, (or, if in the room, as more convenient, they would touch it, while his eyes were closed,) and then, on being asked a few questions by one of their number, — Did they wish for this, or that? — the one who had been out would astonish the company by telling what they wished for.

"Oh! I know," said Belle Grant. "They asked their questions so that the first letters of the things they asked should spell the word."

"Yes; taking 'apple,' for example; the first question put to the one who had been 'out' would be in this way, —

"Did we wish for A-lmonds?"

"No."

"For P-ears?"

"No."

"P-lums?"

"No."

"And here a shrewd boy or girl would not need to wait for Lozenges, Elephants, and Squirrels to finish out the word, but would at once see that App might safely permit them to call out quickly, —

"You wished for Apples!"

"But we are not going to have that way," said

Grace; "and the good of the play does not consist in surprising you by being able to tell your wish, (that is taken for granted,) but in *guessing* the sign whereby we are enabled to tell."

"Good! let us have it," said Ralph, and Gracie, giving him an appreciative look, left the room, and stood in the hall with both palms tightly pressed over her ears, until Ralph opened the door to ask who knew her sign, so as to be able to ask her the questions.

"Sure enough!" said Grace, laughing; "I must tell you, Ralph." There was a little whispering, and Ralph returned to the company with a satisfied look that not a little sharpened their appetites as guessers.

After deciding upon a sleigh-ride as the object of their special choice, Gracie was called in, and Ralph began the questioning, while the others watched each motion of the two and every form of the questions, eager to spy the sign.

"Did she wish to skate?"

"No."

"Did she wish to fly?"

"No."

"To go up in a balloon?"

"No."

"Did she wish for a sleigh-ride?"

"Yes!"

"Well!" said Lucy Stearns, "*I saw Grace shake her curls a little, just before the right one.*"

"That 's not it!" cried Charley Sharpe; "did n't you notice that all the questions were about motion of some sort?"

"Yes," said Frank Hall; "but what of that? So they might have been all night for all the sign in that."

"I guess Ralph asked them so on purpose," said Nellie.

Ralph smiled.

"Well, we'll have it over," said another. "Of course, we can't tell whether it was the shake of a curl, or what, without a chance to see if that 's done each time."

So Gracie went out again, and they wished for a magic lantern.

"Did they wish for a paper-cutter?" asked Ralph, when Grace came in.

"No."

"For an inkstand?"

"No;" and Grace shook her curls decidedly.

"For a magic-lantern?"

"Yes."

"There!" exclaimed Lucy Stearns, "I said it was the curls."

"But she need n't have done that, I know," insisted Frank Hall. "I believe I have it, though; try it once more, and let me go out instead of Gracie, and see if I can't tell." So Frank left the room, while they wished for a Christmas-tree, next December.

"Did they wish for a fairy story?" asked Ralph.

"No."

"A holiday?"

"No."

"A glass-slipper?"

"No."

"A Christmas-tree?"

"Yes."

"Good! Who knows the sign? I do!" said Frank, triumphantly.

"What?" asked Grace.

"I think the one before the right one is an article that will hold something."

"Right!"

"Let's see," said Lucy Stearns; "what was the first?"

"To go up in a balloon."

"Yes; and then an *inkstand*; and as soon as the *glass-slipper* came out I had it," said Frank.

Then Frank Hall made up a sign, (it being his turn, as he had guessed theirs,) but as I have n't time to tell you how Gracie and Lucy got his at the same moment, in four trials, I will just tell you that it was to have something *red*, (as a cherry, or a coal of fire, or a ruby,) *two* before the right one. You see you can all make signs very easily, and they can be varied without end.

Ralph's favorite game was a newer one than Gracie's, and one which you would not suppose a boy would specially prefer; but I like it, and commend his choice. It is called "Talking without an O." Ralph could tell you how the play originated, or at least his mother could; but we will leave that, for the play itself.

"You see," said Ralph, "I will select a subject, and, as you sit in a row, the first must begin to talk upon that subject, using only words that do not have the letter 'O' in them; and as soon as you make a mistake the next one begins, either with the same subject, or, if he prefer, with a new one given him by the one just out."

"Gracie, you come first: I give you Squirrels. If you get a sentence begun and see you cannot finish without a word with an 'O,' you are out. You can't begin a sentence over again."

"I think you ought to be first," said Gracie, "as you are used to the game, and I never tried it."

"Nor I," "Nor I," said several voices; so Ralph began on Squirrels.

"Squirrels are very cunning little creatures (animals, I might have said), with bushy tails and bright, shiny eyes and slender whiskers. They eat nuts and live in little places in the earth. These they fill with nuts in summer against their winter's need. They are covered with fur —"

"There's an O!" cried Gracie — "Covered!"

"Sure enough! Will you go on with Squirrels?"

"No; you've told all I know about them. Give me an easy one."

"Pictures."

"Pictures," began Grace, in a very careful and hesitating manner, — "pictures are very pretty when well drawn, and if — if engraved, when well executed by careful and tasteful artists. Likenesses are a kind of picture that" —

"Of! of! you're out," cried Ralph.

"Oh, that's too bad! But never mind; I was dreadfully cramped. Lucy Stearns, will you try it, — about Plays?"

"There are a great variety — there," laughed Lucy, "I can't see my way out without an 'of.' Frank, will you finish?"

"First," said Ralph, "I will gather the forfeits, — one of *you*, and *you*, and here's mine," throwing a pencil in his hat. "I forgot to say it was a good game for forfeits."

"I should think every one would have a forfeit to pay."

"No. No one is expected to talk but five minutes. And you can be as slow and careful as you choose. Go on, now, Frank, — about Plays."

"I like many games very much," said Frank, feeling his way among the vowels as if walking on eggs. "I like active games, such as ball and blind-man's-buff; and quiet, mental games like *this*, and all guessing *plays*. These latter I think preferable, usually, especially at evening parties where it is rude to be" —

"He's stopped!"

"Wait a minute — to be heard flying and running and jumping in every direction" —

"There!" And Frank was obliged to put a knife into the forfeit-hat; and he ought to have put it in before, for there is an *o* in *to*.

Several more tried it, and not a five-minutes man came off victorious among them. I shall not tell you how the forfeits were paid. Every boy and girl knows how to exact these as well as

I could tell them; only I am happy to say they were all rational, and did not involve the doing of any thing in the least unladylike or rude. One, which I liked as well as any, was to be redeemed by the owner answering three questions in History, which, as the asker must of course be able

to answer himself, were not likely to prove very hard. And so Ralph's game ended, and the party broke up, amid such lively exclamations of the pleasure they had enjoyed that you could be very sure none of them were *then* trying to talk without an "O."

FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE.

"FATHER! father!" John ran breathlessly into the house, "the prairie is on fire!"

"Well," said Mr. Lape, calmly.

"But it is right back of the garden fence, near the big wheat-field!"

Mr. Lape threw down his book and hastened out. "Some of Schaffer's carelessness with his pipe." He put up his hand as he reached the door. "The wind is this way, and the grass is as dry as a powder-horn."

He crossed the yard rapidly, was soon outside the fence on the open prairie, and striding toward the fire, which was at some distance. It was creeping, creeping, but the flame was hardly visible in the bright sunlight. There was a long line of smoke close to the ground which was gradually rising higher and higher in a cloud; as he looked, little puffs of smoke appeared in a half dozen places some two or three feet ahead of the line, followed instantly by flames, which had crept along the dry fibres lying close to the earth. He turned and went back.

"Blow the horn for Schaffer, Mary," he called to his wife, "then every soul follow me with rakes and hoes and water." He took his scythe from the garden palings, and strode out again. The fire could have been but a little while burning, but it had made rapid headway, and was coming exactly in the direction of the wheat-field. This field almost adjoined the house, near which the grain, not proving good, had not been cut, and stood there now, crisp and dry. Besides this, the straw from the great threshing had been stacked in the field, to be ready to be put in the new barn, which, nearly finished, stood close to the racks.

Mr. Lape saw the danger in a moment. Should the fire reach this field, nothing could save the straw or barn, and the whole premises would be in peril. Taking it in at a glance, he made his way again to the fence which separated the field from the open prairie, and with rapid and steady strokes began cutting down the grass, throwing it

aside with his scythe as he did so. In this way he proceeded to clear a belt some fifteen or twenty feet wide, running parallel with the fence, and some few feet from it. He was soon joined by the whole household, with water in buckets, kettles, pots, and pans.

"This is a pretty business, Schaffer," he said, as the man made his appearance. "Take the other scythe and begin cutting below; the fire is travelling fast, and we must fight it with all our strength. Mary, you and the children follow me, and rake up the grass and put it aside. Don't leave a straw that fire can catch to."

Mrs. Lape took a rake, and the children, with hoes and hands, went quickly to work, clearing every straw of the dry grass from the mowed space, working in silence. Every few moments Mr. Lape would turn his head and look anxiously at the fire, which all could see was getting nearer and nearer.

"John," said Hattie, in a low voice, as she found herself close to him, "what are we doing this for?"

"To put out the fire. We have no engines nor water as you have in cities, and we must fight fire with fire. The space we are clearing father will burn off directly, and when the fire over there gets to it, it will have nothing to catch to."

"But why don't he burn it without cutting it?"

"Because it burns like tinder; and, though the wind is this way, it would take it among the straw in no time. We could not manage it." They were interrupted by a shout,—

"Got the prairie devil after you, neighbor? I mistrusted something was wrong when I hearn your horn at this time of day. The boys and me been hauling. Here, let me cut a spell while you burn."

It was Mr. Jones, the postmaster, with his two sons, one fourteen, the other sixteen years of age. Mr. Lape looked relieved, for they were old settlers, and knew just how to help.

"Now go ahead," he said, as he swung the scythe. "It is worse than fightin' a live thing. There are switches over yonder, boys, to beat it back." His sons went to where he pointed, and returned with their arms full of green twigs. These the children held in bunches in their hands and stood ready. Mr. Lape set fire to the stubble, which spread rapidly, for the grass broke in cutting, and left quantities of little stalks. The children stood at the edge of the belt nearest the fence, whipping the fire out if it came too close. Mrs. Lape, with Hattie and Alice, took possession of the pails of water, also watching for any encroachment of the enemy.

Presently Mr. Jones paused. "Have n't you another scythe, neighbor? It's stealing along down yonder, and afore we know it 't will spring like a panther. The slough makes you safe enough the other side."

John ran to bring an old one from the stable. Mr. Jones, Mr. Lape, and Schaffer continued to cut, but the wheat-field was almost half a mile long; and although there was a blackened track far behind them, they had not as yet passed much more than half its length, and the fire was getting fearfully near.

The men worked without talking or stopping. Meantime, the afternoon was wearing away, the



sun had set in sombre clouds, and twilight was coming on.

"Mary," said Mr. Lape, as the shadows grew duskier, "you had better see about supper. The boys will attend to the burning, and we shall all want something to eat."

Mrs. Lape went to the house, and the children to the other end of the field, to burn where Schaffer had been cutting. They worked in silence.

John's switches were worn out, and Hattie started to where they had dropped the rest to get what were left. She sped along swiftly, collected them, and was running back, when her eye was caught by a little curl of smoke going up from

one of the fence rails. She started toward it, and gave an exclamation as she saw that the lower rail was on fire, and some stalks of wheat on the other side were burning.

Hastily dropping the switches, she ran back to a pail she had just passed, left with some water in it, and, taking it up, sped to where the rail was on fire. In a minute she was over the fence and pulling up the wheat all about the spot, which stood thinly here. She soon watered that which was burning, and then searched carefully to see if the fire had crept in at any other place. It had not, but the rail was still on fire underneath, close to the ground, and she could not get at it to put it out, and the water was all gone.

She mounted to the top of the fence and called loudly. They kept on their work; they did not hear. Louder and louder she screamed, and waved her bonnet; they did not turn. Looking down, she saw the blaze running along the top of the rail. She jumped to the earth, and tried to stamp upon it; she beat it with the switches. In terror, afraid to leave it lest it might spread and catch the wheat again, she the second time mounted the top of the fence and shouted with all the strength of her lungs. John was looking for her return, and saw her wildly wave her bonnet. In a moment she saw them running, with Mr. Lape at their head. She got down again. The entire rail was on fire. She switched first one end of it, then the other. The upper rails prevented her stamping on it. She took off her shoe, and beat it with that. She was on her knees, working with all her might, when Mr. Lape came up, and, with the exclamation "The child is on fire!" took her in his arms and wrapped her clothes about her. Kneeling on the earth, her calico dress had caught without her knowledge, and a portion of the skirt was burned, but it was soon smothered.

Sending one of Mr. Jones's boys for water, Mr. Lape began tearing down the fence to get to the burning rail. By the time he reached it the one above it was on fire, but he soon pulled them off and threw them at a distance on the burnt grass. The water was brought, and they were carefully put out. It was dark, and Mrs. Lape had followed the boy to say supper was ready.

"It is no matter, now," said her husband. "Ten minutes more, and there would have been small chance of our having a house to eat supper in. Come, the fire is within a few feet of us at the other end." He took up the bucket of water. "Look carefully as you go along, that no sparks escape us again."

The night was getting darker and darker above. They could see the forms of the two men as they approached, steadily working. Hattie could but stop to look as they went along the burnt belt. The prairie was like a sea of fire, rising and falling in billows, and shooting up fiery tongues like live things, forked and writhing, as it caught stalks of grass taller than the rest. The wind passed over it in gusts, when it would undulate under that dark pall of smoke, and she shuddered, for it reminded her of that "lake of fire" some persons believe in, — shuddered and drew back, for it was now but a few feet from where the men were working, and seemed rolling on to take them all in.

"We must narrow our boundaries, neighbor; there's a good deal to cut yet, and it is gaining on us," Mr. Jones said, as they came up. "All hands to work, and burn fast."

He was cutting the grass from a space only about half the width of that they had just passed over. The wind had arisen with the departure of the sun, and blew briskly toward them.

They worked without a word, drawing the grass out of the way and switching the fire. A half-hour passed in this manner, then the fire was up to them.

"Go in the field, Mary, and take Alice and Hattie with you," said Mr. Lape to his wife in a suppressed voice, "your clothes put you in danger; see there, boys, — quick!" as a little wreath of flame shone in the darkness close to their feet.

A few yards more and it would be done, but the fire was already on them; with it curling around their feet they cut, holding their breath as they did so. Mrs. Lape and the girls tore up the grass and stubble (for the wheat had been harvested here) in front of where the men were working. The boys switched and stamped, and used what water they had — for ten minutes no word was spoken. A sudden gust bore the blaze past the men close to the fence. Mrs. Lape and the girls began taking down the rails, and throwing them at a distance.

Mr. Jones's voice broke the silence. "There is water here, neighbor, we are at the edge of the slough."

The girdle was cut. He stepped to where they were, threw the rails that were in danger aside, stamped the fire, and as it blackened beneath his feet drew a long breath.

"I guess we've conquered the devil this time, neighbor, but it was an even chance. It would have been an awful pity to have had all your new fences and fixings cleared out."

"Yes," said Mr. Lape, "the slough saved us after all; we never could have fought it on that side."

"I always knew this was the biggest wheat field in this part of the country, but it never seemed so plaguy long afore." Mr. Jones drew his arm across his face.

They were still removing any thing that could take fire, and carefully watching as they talked.

"Run up, boys, and see that it is all safe above; look sharp now."

Like a great thing at bay, the fire had stopped at the edge of the clearing they had made, and as some chained monster seemed to chafe there.

The children ran back, and they all busied themselves for another hour.

The sight was a strange one. The sky was black above their heads, stormy, threatening rain; beneath, as far as the eye could reach, was a rolling ocean of fire, over which floated billows of smoke driven by the wind, their under-sides gilded by the flames; then came a dark space where the conflagration had raged all the afternoon, and had died for want of food to feed on, now only occasionally sending up here and there little vicious blazes. Nearer was a long line of light, bounded by the blackened space on which they stood grouped, the hardy men and boys, the pale woman and delicate girls, their hair blown back from their faces, and every expression visible in the fire-light; behind was the wheat-field, and beyond the woods, the bare branches of the trees looking like gaunt arms stretching toward them.

"I think we may leave long enough now to get something to eat, wife," said Mr. Lape; "Schaffer and the boys will watch until we get back. Blow the horn, Schaffer, if you see the least danger."

"You will have to keep guard over it to-night, neighbor," said Mr. Jones, "but I think it will rain before daylight."

It was quite a little walk to the house; the men stopped at the stable, and when they reached the kitchen, supper was on the table.

Hattie was much interested in Mr. Jones's talk. As he ate his meal, he gave graphic descriptions, in his peculiar way, of his prairie life. He had "squatted" when for scores of miles there was not the smoke of a cabin to be seen; his wife had helped him build the log-house they lived in; his children were all born there. He told how often he had fought the "prairie devil," as he called the fire; how he had been caught

out miles from home, with the blazing prairie between him and his cabin; how his wife and he had awoke one night and found it burning at their door; how once his sheep had been caught and roasted alive. He related all this while he thrust his food in his mouth with his knife, putting it so far back that once or twice Hattie thought he must cut his throat; wiping his mouth with his coat-sleeve when he had done, and picking his teeth with his fork.

"Look at your boots, father," Alice exclaimed, "and Mr. Jones's too."

They were burnt nearly off their feet.

"I owe you a pair of cow-hides, neighbor Jones," was Mr. Lape's remark.

"I thought once or twice 'the devil' had caught hold of me." Mr. Jones raised his foot and showed his stocking burnt to a crisp.

Hattie went out with them after supper to take another look before she went to bed. As they walked back together, John told her the fire had never been so near the house before. They carried out some barrels of water in the wagon, and made preparation to watch during the night. The children went to bed, but it was long ere Hattie could get to sleep, and she was many times at the window. The next morning, when she awoke, it was raining hard; she looked out on the leadened sky, and the blackened earth, with the smoke still ascending in places, and thought she had never seen so gloomy a sight.

It continued to rain all that day and night; then a bracing breeze drove the clouds before it, and the sun came out. The earth was soon dry, and they wandered a long distance over the burnt grass, returning with their hands full of roasted eggs, having found a nest that had been overtaken by the flames. The fire had not extended as far as they thought, the rain having put it out.

MARTHA M. THOMAS.

THE MONEYPENNY BOYS.

It was the last week in August, and the weather was very hot. Some people think the weather is never hot in the Lake Superior country, but that is a great mistake. It is always cool out on the water of the lake, it is true; sometimes it is "bitter cold" there, even in mid-summer, so that passengers on the steamboats have to wear overcoats and shawls, and the ladies cluster around fires in the cabins. Cold weather

is a delightful thing in hot weather! and that is why people take summer excursions on Lake Superior.

Briggs Cloud, the new book-keeper at Burton Harbor, was very glad, then, when one hot day he was told by the Superintendent to pack up and go on a holiday excursion. It was no great matter for our young friend to pack up. He did not have to lay in a stock of cigars, to keep the

mosquitoes off; nor a supply of fuzzy fluids, to keep the damp off,—as is the fashion with certain fast youths when they go on an excursion. Neither did he take a dozen clean shirts and a pair of dancing-pumps. He filled his big trunk with clothing and books; and then he locked the big trunk up in his room at Burton Harbor, and left it there.

The good steamer *Planet* puffed away from the dock next day with Briggs on board. He soon discovered among the passengers two boys from Chicago, with whom he quickly struck up an acquaintance. They were off for a holiday, too, all alone by themselves, and as happy as kings in their freedom. They were twins, and the only way you could tell them apart was by their names—one being called Billy Moneypenny, and the other Tommy Moneypenny.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon when the three boys—now thoroughly acquainted with each other—reached La Pointe, an old-fashioned, quaint, crumbling village, about fifteen hundred miles from New York or Boston. It is a great contrast to all the other villages in the Lake Superior country, for *they* are young, and new, and raw, and bustling with business, while La Pointe is old and sleepy.

"It is a hundred and fifty years old," said Briggs, as they walked up the long wharf into the village.

"Oh, come; that's a joke, I guess," said Billy Moneypenny. "Why, even Chicago is n't fifty years old yet, and it's a great big city—bigger than Boston, I should n't wonder—is n't it?"

"If you live there it is," said Briggs, with a sly twinkle of his eyes. "I have heard that Chicago was the biggest town out-doors, in the opinion of people who live there. If you live in Boston, I guess Boston is the biggest."

But Briggs told the truth about La Pointe. It was settled in 1680, by French Jesuits and fur traders, when nobody dreamed of the great mines. The Frenchmen married squaws, and their children were of course half French and half Chippewa Indian. The people who live at La Pointe to-day are nearly all half-breeds. As the boys walked up the shore into the old village, they saw a woman with sparkling French eyes set in a broad Indian face, who was standing in a doorway, with a tin basinful of agates. She had seen the steamboat come in, and knew the passengers would spend an hour in the village, and so she had brought out her hoard of beautiful stones to tempt their greenbacks away.

"Buy agates, monseer?"

The boys had paused near her, and she thus addressed them, in the queer lingo the La Pointers use. But the boys did not care to buy, and they walked on.

Presently they came to an old wooden church, the door of which stood wide open, and they took off their hats and went in. It was the oddest-looking little old Catholic church you ever saw. The seats were worn and antiquated, with high, stiff backs, and the altar was a raised platform, with curious images upon it, and an old, old book with yellow leaves, and printed in huge, old-fashioned type. Our friends soon began to feel themselves very much at home, and Billy Moneypenny, with genuine Chicago contempt of formalities, marched up the shaking steps that led into the high-hanging pulpit, and gazed up at the sounding-board that overhung it. Both he and his brother had fingers for every thing that could be fingered—the tapestry, the tawdry banners, the yellow laces, and moth-eaten velvets, the "Roman missale," the brass knob of the cupboard door, behind which the sacred images were locked. They strolled up into the gallery, which they found divided in two by a high board fence, and supplied with rough benches, standing upon which their heads bumped the low ceiling of the little church. They did not injure any thing, however, and when they had seen enough they left the building, put on their hats, and went wandering about in the graveyard. The graveyard was a queerer place, if possible, than the church. Two or three of the graves had marble stones at their heads, with black-lettered French legends on them, but the majority had nothing but wooden boards and crosses, old, moss-covered, and with illegible inscriptions. Many had little wooden houses over them, about the size and shape of dog-kennels, only that they had no door, but were closed up tight. Some of these little houses had a pane of glass set in one end, and the boys peered in to see what they could see. But all was darkness within. In one they saw a fly—a huge fellow he was, who had grown so fat since he went in there, that he could n't come out again by the crevice he had entered when he was little, and he was buzzing and bumping against the dirty pane, as if very anxious to get out.

"You're a prisoner, old fellow," said Billy Moneypenny, "and it's your own fault. You had no business to be so greedy. If I was you I'd go on a low diet till I'd starved myself thin. I bet you don't like to be shut up there after dark. I would n't. Good-by, fly."

After gathering a few mosses from some of the crumbling crosses, they left the graveyard, and strolled about the village, talking with the people they met. There were only about two hundred people in the whole place; but the island on which the village stands is the home of many Indians of pure Chippewa blood, who subsist by fishing in the lake, hunting a little in the woods, and by the aid of the government, which every year pays a sum of money to their chief, who distributes it among his people.

They soon made known their desire to be conveyed across the water to Bayfield, a village about a mile distant, and a majestic old Indian with a face bronzed and weather-beaten, offered to take them over.

"Want go by'mby putty soon?" he asked.

"Oh, we're in no hurry," said Briggs. "Any time before dark will do."

"Putty good," said the Indian. "Wait 'bout a week, guess."

"A week!" cried Billy, in surprise.

"Yeh! No dark to-night. Moonshine."

"Oh! Moonlight to-night, eh? What do you say, boys? Shall we wait till the moon comes out, and ride over in the evening?"

"That'll be first-rate!" cried Tommy.

"I want some supper, though," said Billy. "Can we get any here?"

They questioned the Indian on this point, and he nodded his head quietly.

"Guess Injun eat, too, sometimes!" said he.

The boys laughed quite heartily at this, but the Indian preserved a stolid face. It was finally resolved that they should accompany the Indian to his wigwam, about a mile back in the woods, where they would get supper, and then ride over to Bayfield. Billy Money Penny objected that he was tired, and did not like to walk so far through the woods.

"No walk," said the Indian. "Ride."

"Got a horse?" said Billy, in some surprise.

"Yeh!"

"Where is it?"

"Come, I show you."

He led the way, and they followed him to the smooth, pebbly shore, where lay the Indian's canoe, drawn up on the beach.

"That Injun's horse," said their guide. "Walk in the water putty good."

"What a funny Indian," said Billy. "I thought Indians never were funny."

"Oh, there are all sorts of Indians," said Briggs, who knew the Chippewas pretty well by this time. "I'm glad this one is so good-natured;

sometimes they are ugly enough, and almost always they are stupid."

While he was saying this, the old Indian was pushing his canoe out into the water, where it presently floated gracefully.

"It's just like a big basket," said Billy.

In fact, it was made much as an Indian basket is,—that is to say, with strips of birch-bark, interwoven and bound with tightly drawn cords of the same material. It had no seats, and our friends, tumbling in, squatted quite comfortably on the bottom. The Indian produced a broad-bladed paddle, and plying it deftly they were soon gliding easily along near the shore.

Now with regard to this Indian's name, it must be admitted that it was a puzzler. They found it quite unpronounceable. Billy asked him to spell it for them, at which Tommy roared with laughter, for an Indian would not be apt to distinguish himself at a spelling-school, to say the least. They finally gave it up in despair.

"Let's call him Higgledy-piggledy," said Briggs; "that's about as near as we can get it. Will that do?" he asked the Indian, "Higgledy-piggledy?"

"Putty good," declared the savage, paddling away.

So Higgledy-piggledy it was.

They soon saw the smoke curling up from among the trees on shore, where the Indian turned the canoe landward, and presently the "basket" ran upon the sand and pebbles, and they all got out. Higgledy-piggledy drew the canoe well up among the bushes, and led the way into his wigwam. It was a low structure, made of birch-bark and small trees, and had an opening in front for a door, which could be entered only by stooping. Inside, they found an old squaw lying upon her side, smoking a pipe. A few words from her husband, in the Chippewa tongue, sent her out of the wigwam, and in a few minutes she had built a fire out-doors, and was cooking supper.

"I'm so hungry," said Billy Money Penny, as he snuffed the delicious odor that arose from the scene of the squaw's operations, "that I could eat a horse."

The squaw brought in the supper on some pieces of clean birch-bark, and placed it before her guests. For Briggs, however, a special honor was reserved. The old woman rummaged under a heap of blankets and nameless rubbish in one corner, and brought out a *plate*—yes, a veritable china plate, which Higgledy-piggledy explained he had purchased of a French settler

at La Pointe, years ago, for a valuable lot of furs, and of which he was evidently proud. He set the plate before Briggs, but our friend declined the honor, preferring to eat his fish off the clean bark.

"What is it?" asked Billy, with his mouth full. "Trout? Brook-trout?"

"No," said Briggs, "it is the siskowit — there is no large fish so delicious, I think. It is as good as brook trout, to my taste."

"Better!" declared Billy, holding out his piece of bark for a fresh supply.

After supper, they all gathered in a sheltered nook out-doors, and Briggs set himself to work to "draw out" the old Indian — to see what he knew. To his great delight, he found that Higgle-dy-piggledy was one of those rare Chippewas who are learned in the traditions of the country. And this is what he told them about La Pointe:

"Che-go-im-e-gon is the centre of the universe. Our French brothers, when they came here, long years ago, in the time of my fathers, named it La Pointe, and so the white man calls it. But to the Chippewa, it is always Che-go-im-e-gon, the centre of the universe, the chief village of all the tribes. There dwelt Mud-jee-kee-wis, the mighty chief; there dwelt Gitchee-waish-kee, who was great among the tribes; and Andai-gwe-os, and Waub-ojeeg, mighty braves. The great fire of the Chippewas was lighted there, and for thousands of years it never went out; but the glory of our people has departed, and the fire burns no more. The home of the great good spirit Mana-bozho was here, and the people were happy. But the Sioux made war upon the Chippewas, and for many years the tomahawk was reddened with blood, and the war-path had no grass upon it. My fathers, when they died, bequeathed to their sons their hatred of the murderous Sioux. When I was young, I followed on the war-path, far beyond the hills, for many years. I was a strong chief. I slew many in battle. My girdle was ever hung with the scalps of my foes. But the great father at Washington put forth his hand at last, and the tide of war was stayed. The tribes no longer struggled; they smoked the pipe of peace; they buried the tomahawk. Then I came away to Che-go-im-e-gon, and built my wigwam here. Here I remain."

So profoundly did this relation impress Billy Money-penny, that his respect for the Indian was very much increased, and he began to think it a great liberty to take with the old chief, to call him Higgle-dy-piggledy any more. He looked at

his girdle and fancied how the tall Chippewa must have looked when he was bounding along the war-path, with the bloody scalps hung at his waist. He finally settled in his mind that some sort of compromise should be made on the Higgle-dy-piggledy question.

"We'll call him Hig," said Billy; "that won't be disrespectful."

The moon soon came out, and ascended the sky in beauty, shedding a flood of silvery radiance over the lake. Our friends again squatted on the bottom of the canoe, and the old Indian again plied his paddle. It was a delightful ride, in the cool evening, over the green waters. They leaned over the sides of the canoe, and looked down into the clear depths; they held their hands over, and dabbled in the icy-cold water; and the Indian, "by especial desire," set up a melodious howl that he called a Chippewa love-song, but which would almost have frightened a panther out of his wits on a dark night. The canoe was soon lying on the beach at Bayfield, and after paying the Indian a dollar, which he received with a satisfied grunt, they stood a moment on the shore to watch him as he puddled away homeward. Then they went to the hotel, where they found their satchels, which had been left there by the steamer in the afternoon.

The boys had three days to spend at Bayfield before the next steamer came along. A more delightful spot to spend them in, heart could not wish. How they went hunting on the first day, and found a bear's den with three shaggy cubs in it, with whom they concluded they had better not meddle; and how they went trout-fishing on the second day, and caught a glorious string of speckled trout, which they had cooked at the hotel for their supper, and ate with keen appetites after their day's tramp, I have not time to tell. But on the third day they had such a novel adventure that I must tell of that.

Very early in the morning, when the air was as clear and pure as purity itself, they went down to the shore and hired a little boat, for the purpose of rowing along the rocky shore on a "voyage of discovery." Keeping close within the shadow of the beetling cliffs, which towered high, with their summits thickly covered with the wild forest growth, they rode merrily along over the smooth waters for an hour or two. There were a great many cave-like holes worn into the face of the rock at the water's edge, by the action of the waves, which in stormy weather beat and surge with tremendous force. The sun had now come out very warm, and as there was little

wind stirring, the heat was quite oppressive, so near the shore.

"I say, boys," said Tommy Money Penny, "let's row into that hole there," pointing to one of the openings in the shore, just like a score that they had passed, save that it was larger, "and see what we can see."

No sooner said than done. The boat's prow was turned in that direction, and presently it shot into the hole. Briggs reached out his hand and touched the rock, to prevent a collision, but the prow struck nothing. The hole was deeper than they thought. They at once resolved to push the boat in as far as it would go.

"Look out for your heads," cried Briggs, and they all fell flat in the boat, as it glided on under a broad flat rock, that hung so low it almost grazed the gunwale. Still there was no stoppage; and the flat rock being passed, the boys raised their heads to look about them. All was utter darkness. The boat was still gliding easily along upon the water. Little by little, and very cautiously, they got upon their feet, and stretched out their hands in the darkness, but they touched nothing.

"Hullo!" cried Billy Money Penny; but what he would have added we never shall know, for his voice so reverberated and echoed in the darkness, that he was startled into silence, and dropped upon his seat in wonder.

"Evidently we are in a large cave," said Briggs; and he was right.

Their eyes becoming accustomed to the dim light after a few minutes, they saw towering walls looming overhead, and disappearing in a vast region of gloom. Strangely enough, the water was so full of light that they could see the bottom through its transparent clearness perfectly well. In fact, the only light that entered the cave was through the water. Rowing deeper into the gloom, very slowly, they found still no obstruction to their progress, and after they had penetrated to a great depth, the darkness became so intense that they had recourse to burning wisps of paper for torches. They cast but a feeble light; but by their aid they were

enabled to steer the boat to a sort of island in the middle of this subterranean lake, out upon which they clambered. Briggs was the first out, and he held the boat by the rope attached to the bow, while the others followed; but as Billy was climbing out, he stumbled and fell upon the rope, jerking it from Briggs's hand, and at the same time the boat, under the influence of Billy's departing feet, shot back into the gloom!

Imagine their consternation! Alone in this midnight cave, on a rocky islet not more than twenty feet square, and their boat gone! No wonder they felt frightened, for there seemed a very strong prospect of their dying there. What was to be done? Briggs resolved to try and recover the boat by swimming. They lighted more wisps of paper, but they could see the boat nowhere. Nevertheless, Briggs stripped himself of his clothes, and plunged in. The water was as cold as a well. It struck a chill to his very marrow. It was impossible to remain in such an ice-bath, and Briggs came back to the rock, shivering dismally.

Hour after hour passed by. The boys had made up their minds that all was over with them; when what was their joy at seeing a torch-light approaching, borne by an Indian in a canoe, which another Indian was paddling toward them.

Of course the boys shouted with delight. The canoe suddenly stopped. The Indians had taken fright. But Briggs addressed them so earnestly, and with such simplicity and directness, that they quickly comprehended the case, and our friends were speedily rescued. It seems the cave was a passage-way to these Indians, who lived in the forest, near the place where there was an outlet to the upper earth from the cavern, and they were now on their way home after a visit to the village. They recovered the lost boat after a short search, and the boys went on their way rejoicing.

Such an adventure was very fine to look back upon, you may be sure; and the Money Penny boys, when they parted from Briggs at Burton Harbor, on their returnward way to Chicago, declared that it was the best thing of the whole trip.

WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.



SIX LITTLE PRINCESSES, AND WHAT THEY TURNED INTO.

[Continued from the September Number.]



AFTER the grand christening was over, things subsided gradually into the old routine. The six babies were washed and dressed, and taken out for an airing every morning; what happened to one happened to all without regard to any natural differences of constitution. And as the Queen chose to dress them exactly alike, and blue was her favorite color, Novella, who was as brown as a gypsy, had to wear sashes that made her look yellower than ever. However, she cared not a whit what she wore, and in process of time she had a mouthful of little white pearls intended for teeth, that made her as pretty as her fair sister Mosella. A charming little set they were, and in her devotion to them the Queen was in danger of forgetting affairs of state, and all the formalities due to her station. It was whispered abroad that as soon as the Princesses got upon their feet there were seven children in the palace instead of six,—the Queen being coaxed into romping with her pets instead of training them in the way they should go.

The Countess Reynosa, meanwhile, studied the children while the Queen amused herself with them, and made herself mistress of the charac-

ters and dispositions of each. She then announced that her long-delayed gifts were now to be presented. Not a little curiosity was felt to know what these gifts might be. The "Court Journal" stopped the press in order to learn the news, and to convey it at once to all parts of the kingdom. If a nod of the head of the Countess was significant, what must it be with her presents! She was well known to be very rich, and to possess old family jewels of fabulous value, and as she had taken a vow never to marry, what could be more natural than that she should divide these treasures among the Princesses? What then was the consternation of the whole court, when her gift to Novella proved to be nothing but a pen!

To Mosella, nothing daunted by the suppressed whispers of amazement about her, she presented an old piano that had stood unmolested in one corner of her palace half a dozen years.

To Reima, the third sister, she gave a box of colors, and a handful of pencils.

To Papeta she offered all the half-worn sheets her own singing-master had left behind him, when he had fled from her palace declaring that mortal man never heard such a voice.

To Moïna, a pair of scissors, a thimble, and some needles.

Last of all it was the turn of Delicieuse, and the little creature was led by her nurse to receive what every one felt was to be the crowning gift of all. For the child held every heart at her fingers' ends; whether it was her extraordinary beauty, or her sweet, graceful manners and winning way, or all together, she was the favorite of the King, the idol of the Queen, the pride and the glory of the whole court. As she approached the Countess, curiosity made every one silent, yet even the grim prime minister would have been glad to press the charming creature to his heart. A murmur of surprise and displeasure ran through the court when the Countess stooped and kissed the young Princess, and then only gave her one of her sagacious little nods!

Delicieuse herself seemed perfectly satisfied. She rejoined her sisters with a brow as serene as ever, and took leave of the King and Queen with her usual grace and sweetness, soon disappearing among the little Princesses, each of whom contended for the privilege of walking hand in hand with her.

The Queen, used as she was to the vagaries of Reynosa, found it hard to submit to this new freak, looking, as it did, so much like child's play. But as she felt a sincere respect and affection for her, and was, besides, too kind-hearted to wish to wound even an enemy, if she had one, she thanked her friend for her interest in her children, and promised that her gifts should be carefully preserved and cared for.

"By no means!" cried the Countess. "Each child is to have charge of its own gift. Otherwise, my object in presenting it will be defeated."

The Queen smiled, and yielded. It was not really worth while to dispute about such trifles. The ancestral diamonds of the Countess would have been quite another affair. She had quite forgotten the whole thing, when one morning she saw Novella perched at a table in a high chair, so intent upon business as to take no heed of her presence.

On approaching the child, what was her surprise to find the little creature engaged in copying, from a book before her, the letters of the alphabet. As, thus far, no attempt had been made to educate the young Princesses, this spectacle was wonderfully quaint, and the Queen, after gazing upon it a moment in silence, burst forth into a merry laugh. The attendants hastened to explain that the Princess would have ink and paper, as well as the pen the Countess had given her, and that the delight of the child in their use made it quite impossible to keep her robes and her hands in the immaculate condition due to her rank.

As to the Princess, she could hardly spare time to look at the Queen, or answer her questions. Her little hands trembled with eagerness, and her eyes glowed like suns and stars, as she formed the rude characters upon the paper, sighed at their want of perfection, and patiently studied her model.

The Queen could not help sympathizing with the child's pleasure, though she wished the Countess had not, by her gift, suggested an amusement that made its fingers such a sight to behold.

Passing into the next apartment, she found Moina seated on the carpet, with half-a-dozen dolls about her, a little work-basket by her side.

In her small white hands she held the scissors given her by Reynosa, and fashioned a garment, tiny in form, but exquisite in shape. Delicieuse, with her arms full of dolls, sat beside her, looking on.

"What are you two little darlings playing?" asked the Queen, stooping down to caress them.

"I have such nice things!" cried Moina. "See! scissors, thimble, needles, thread! I am making new dresses for all the dolls in the palace."

And as she spoke she used the scissors with a deft and womanly air that set the Queen laughing once more with that musical laugh of hers that would have scandalized the court.

"I am doing nothing," said Delicieuse, rising and throwing herself into the arms of her royal mother. "When Moina has dressed all the dolls, we shall play with them together."

Meanwhile, she wound the Queen's curls around her fingers, kissed her twenty or thirty times, and looked like a little white angel that never soiled its fingers with ink, or littered the carpet with scraps. "What a beautiful, what a lovely child she is!" thought the Queen, and then, with the little Princess by the hand, she passed on to the room devoted to Reima.

Here she found new cause for surprise and amusement, for Reima had spread out her box of colors, and was making vigorous daubs on an enormous sheet of paper, with such zeal that she did not hear the approach of her visitors.

Her nurse came forward to excuse herself for permitting such employment. She declared that all the interest the Princess now took in her toys was as models for copy; her dolls, in fact, had all been turned into lay figures, and were arranged in attitudes for the purpose.

After greeting the child, and bidding her good morning, the Queen, who began to find the aspect of things growing serious, proceeded to the apartment of the Princess Mosella. As she approached it she heard sounds, not, on the whole, unmusical, pealing from it, and beheld this small scrap of humanity gravely occupied at her piano, with the air of a master. Near her stood Papeta, music in hand, singing in a clear, sweet voice that transfixed the Queen upon the threshold. Delicieuse ran up to them with kisses and caresses. The two little mites stopped playing and singing, to glance upon her with condescension, and to return her caresses, though with a somewhat preoccupied air. The concert then proceeded as if it were the business of the day.

At this moment the Countess Reynosa came flying in; she fluttered from one to another, saluted the Queen with mock reverence, kissed Mosella and Papeta, and then snatching at Delicieuse she folded the charming child in her arms as in a transport of affection.

It was now the hour for the morning airing of the Princesses, and with great labor their attendants were coaxing, threatening, and conjuring them to tear themselves away from their employments, in order to be arrayed for the purpose. Moina begged for one moment in which to put in order the little garments she was cutting; Reima was afraid some one would touch her colors in her absence; Novella wanted to finish her page, and Mosella and Papeta their song. Delicieuse alone, having nothing of such vast importance to do, thought of the drive with pleasure, and was docile under the infliction of dressing. At last, after long bustle and parade, during which some tears were shed, and some frowns displayed, all six were got comfortably off, the scraps were gathered from Moina's carpet, Novella's pen and ink were put away, the piano closed, and the music laid in order. Reima's possessions alone remained untouched; she had won a promise to that effect before she could be persuaded to leave her treasures.

The Queen led Reynosa to her own apartments, and the two sat down to talk like other mortals.

"Well!" cried the Countess, "I wish you joy of your five geniuses!"

"My five geniuses!" repeated the Queen.

"Oh, I am willing to allow that there are six, if that pleases you better. Indeed, one may almost say with truth that Delicieuse is a genius as well as her sisters. For her power of winning every body's heart is almost like an inspiration."

"What can you mean, you barbarous creature?" cried the Queen.

"Only that Novella will one day astonish you with her writings, Mosella and Papeta with their music, Reima with her paintings, and Moina with an artistic skill only inferior to theirs because so practical in its character."

The Queen hardly knew what to say. Reynosa, however, hummed a tune, and went and looked out of the window with a nonchalant air.

"I suppose it is too late to help it now," the Queen said, at last.

"It is, indeed," replied the Countess, returning to her seat. "Genius may not be needed by Princesses; in fact, I can see that it may have its inconveniences. But you must remember that your daughters were not made to order. When Nature endowed them with these choice gifts, she did not know that you were going to present them with royalty also."

"But they are still very young. Education may modify, if it does not positively alter, their tastes."

"I advise you to try," replied the Countess dryly, and she gave one of those dreadful little nods that meant just the contrary.

For once in her life, which, as she was a Queen, seems rather singular, her Majesty determined to have her own way, and who might. She summoned all the wisest, most skillful masters in the land to the palace, and directed them to take charge of the education of the Princesses forthwith. Their studies were to be alike, and they were to learn every thing save needle-work, and all were to become alike accomplished.

The Princesses were not angels, they were only geniuses. They cried and pouted over their lessons very much like other children, wore out an unaccountable number of books, used up a stock of stationery, and thrummed six pianos out of tune. Moina learned to read and to write, and got a smattering of a number of other things. She drew and painted horribly, and played and sang like a machine. Reima learned all that Moina did, and a good deal beside, but it was through floods of tears that she fitted in her brain the tasks assigned her. Most of her masters found her very dull, and thought it a mercy that she could hide this dullness under the glitter and show of royalty. But he whose happy lot it was to guide her fingers over the canvas, deplored the fate that had made her a Princess, and envied her the talents she did not need.

Mosella and Papeta learned, also, a little of every thing. But they flew from books as birds fly from cages. Mosella made her piano obedient to every throb of her heart. Papeta sang in a way that almost drew angels down to listen.

As to Novella, she picked up every thing with enthusiasm. Her paintings were not execrable like those of Moina, and music was not without some charm for her. She devoured rather than read the books selected for her, and outran the tasks assigned by her masters, in her eagerness to know more. Yet she contrived to be in disgrace half the time. Her fingers, that should have been white, were always black; her dresses had an innate faculty of getting torn and soiled; she never saw any thing an inch before her nose, and was constantly tumbling about in a most inglorious way. As to etiquette, no mortal could teach her the meaning of the word. She never knew where to put her hands, never sat straight in her chair, never looked as if she had just come out of a bandbox.

Delicieuse, meanwhile, learned nicely of every thing a little. She had some respectable drawings, could sing and play with a certain precision, and never vexed her masters by dullness or inattention. Her sisters all fancied her to be vastly superior to themselves, since she was as beautiful as a fairy, never got into disgrace, said her lessons without ever a failure, and wrote her copies with never a blot. Withal she had caresses and gay words for every body, and was always in good humor.

Thus the childhood of the six sisters passed away amid the sorrows and the joys, the tears and the smiles that are inseparable from that period of life. At sixteen a more charming little group could be found nowhere. Masters attended them no longer, petty childish follies were outgrown; they loved each other dearly, and were seldom separated. By degrees, in spite of the efforts of the Queen to make them all alike, each fell into the place designed for her by Nature. Moina sat all day with her scissors or her needle in her hand, and fashioned her own dresses and those of her sisters. She could not find time to read, she said, nor to practice, and wondered how others could. She made herself and the other Princesses look as if their garments grew upon their youthful figures; once having worn one of her dresses, they quarreled with their seamstresses, complained of being pinched here and pulled there, and kept her completely busy and completely happy. The Queen no longer resisted the tide; she had a spacious apartment fitted up for the use of the Princesses, and sat among them, watching them with admiration and delight. In her corner, Moina sat at her work, saying little, but hearing all that went on, and accomplishing a great deal. Reima had her ensel not far off; no one was allowed to touch her portion of the sanctuary, and her skillful hand produced in exquisite colors the creations of her brain. Mosella and Papeta sang and played and composed, and made the lofty apartment resound with wondrous harmony. Novella, in a remote corner, sat at her desk and wrote. Sometimes, as her pen flew over her paper, she laughed aloud, and sometimes she cried; then when the mood was over, and the inspiration fled, her sisters liked to rouse her flagging spirits by making her read aloud to

them the tales and verses she had written. While she read, Moina worked patiently and cheerfully in her corner, and Reima painted in hers, while Mosella and Papeta copied music in theirs. As for Delicieuse, she wanted no corner of her own, but was any and everywhere as her mood led her. Sometimes she watched Moina while she fashioned the dresses destined for her own graceful figure, beguiling the time with lively chat; at others she hovered near Reima, admiring the skill and the enthusiasm with which she pursued her art. She was welcomed by all, for as she had no decided taste of her own, she had no hobbies to thrust in people's way, nor was she ever so busy that she was not glad at any moment to listen to Novella when she read, or to Papeta when she sang. Her facile nature made her drop whatever she had in hand, to seize whatever the world threw at and asked her to catch.

Nothing could be more delightful than this innocent family group; it came near being a little heaven below.

But the King complained that the Queen kept his charming daughters all to herself. He had pretty nearly forgotten that they were not his own children; and sometimes, when a little off his guard, was known to boast that Delicieuse had inherited her beauty and her extraordinary power to please, from his mother, the illustrious Queen Ariana. Reima's love of art was also derived from one of his ancestors, as were the musical powers of Mosella and Papeta. As to Moina, that good and useful creature, he was sure he should have had some relative precisely like her, had not royal etiquette forbidden the display of such homely talents. The Queen found these little delusions of his somewhat amusing, but on the whole they gave her pleasure, as showing that the King was proud and fond of their adopted children. To gratify him she had them introduced at court, where, arrayed in the graceful folds of Moina's disposing, and the charms of a simple, unspoiled girlhood, they were received almost with acclamations. The Countess Reynosa's sagacity in the choice of six such rare maidens was the admiration of every one: people said there never was a little head so full of wit as hers.

E. P.

[To be continued.]



AMONG THE TREES.

October 5.

WHILE we have been in New England we have missed the late summer flowers that may be found here. But there are not many flowers in September and October to interest such superficial botanists as we are, so carried away by external charms. Late in the summer the Composite Family brings out all its children, who stream in gay groups along the hedges and highways, and we have seen troops and troops of showy Asters, and Golden-rod in all its varieties; and though we shrink from imbricated calices and disks and rays and florets, yet our autumnal rides and walks were beautified by rich masses of purple, sprays of white, and drooping racemes of brilliant yellow; and if one will only leave these for gigantic out-door bouquets, the effect is charming, but brought home to figure in some delicate vase, they look coarse and out of place. The tender grace of an exquisite little poem, however, has invested with a poetic charm

"the Golden-rod,
And the Aster in the wood,
And the yellow Sunflower by the brook."

The Sunflower certainly looks the most unpoetical of flowers, but there must be a depth of sentiment enshrined within it, for those staring yellow eyes follow the worshiped sun all the livelong day, and the night too, as to that, for they are facing devoutly east in the morning, ready to greet his earliest beam. I do not think I have appreciated these romantic sunflowers.

But the Cardinal Flower and the Fringed Gentian are the glory of the autumnal months. The Cardinal Flower! no words can do any kind of justice to the carmine-crimson of the petals, so brilliant it is and showing so far off. And the enchanting blue of the Gentian, who can paint it? We have tried, but alas, we cannot put the sunshine on! and that it must have to be perfect, for its perfection is at the midday hour of a gorgeous October day, when it spreads its cruciform fringed petals in the glowing sunshine. In a pretty village in Connecticut, where we were staying, this beautiful Fringed Gentian grew in the greatest profusion along the roadsides and the woodland pathways. Another Gentian we also found of a fine blue, with clusters of bright rounded buds looking from day to day just ready to open; but we watched them in vain, they never opened and never will. It was the *Gentiana Andrewsii*, the Closed Gentian.

This sequestered village up among the Connecticut hills, two or three miles from the railroad station, gave us several rare and beautiful flowers. There we found the *Rhexia*, or Meadow-beauty, by the margin of a pretty picnic pond. It is a gay, showy plant, with blossoms of rosy



[Flower of Parnassus.]

purple, and anthers golden yellow above, with a streak of purple below, and the tube of the calyx swelling into a perfect little urn. The Flower of Parnassus we also found, which classical appellation was given to this plant (so the botanists say) by Dioscorides, who found it growing on Mount Parnassus eighteen hundred years

ago. It is very pretty and peculiar, the large white petals being veined with delicate green lines. The Painted-cup was another rarity, the floral leaves of the brightest scarlet, looking like brilliant flowers. The charming Orchis tribe we also examined quite extensively. The *Ciliaris*, or Yellow-fringed Orchis, is a rare and lovely species, delicate and beautiful, with bright orange-colored flowers; and the *Dilatata*, with white blossoms; but the most beautiful of all is the fringed and fragrant Purple Orchis, which is a superb flower.

The Wild Lilies are, many of them, showy, brilliant, and graceful, and one of a most delicate straw-color, with quantities of blossoms, was particularly elegant. The showy *Epilobium*, or Willow-herb, was very abundant, covering some newly cleared fields, and captivating the eye with clouds of soft purple racemes. But oh, how trying it is, as we leave the quiet villages, to be whirled along in the remorseless cars, seeing every minute far down in the sheltered nooks the flash of the fiery Cardinal Flower, and the celestial blue of the Gentian. Looking intently into the recesses of the woods as we fly past, we see, alas we know not what, and never will know! but such delectable things, such new flowers as we take them to be, which it is agonizing to leave, and we think we cannot leave them; but the conductor does not appear to see them, neither indeed do the passengers, and if they did, we doubt if they would be willing to have the train stopped in order to secure the treasures. Helen says she feels a dislike to travellers in general, they seem so indifferent to all the wonderful things which she sees peeping from those mysterious little paths which lead far away into the depths of the forest; and all the time when I am travelling, I am peering into the "dingles and bosky dells," vainly wishing that the trains would stop in the woods instead of at those tedious depots.

Since our return we have been serenaded beyond measure by the Katydid, and unless you heard them, you would not believe they could make such a clamor. To all our questionings of

"Tell us now what Katy did;
Pray what did Katy do?"

we get the same old dogged answer, "Katy did" and "Katy did n't," until we wish that they could have a more extensive command of the English language. One evening we were sitting on the piazza, and they made such a din that we could not hear ourselves speak. They seemed to have concentrated all their forces in three or four

trees on the lawn in front of the house. A gentleman who was visiting us inquired if we knew how to silence them, and as we did not, he requested Isabella, Helen, and me, to come with him in perfect silence, and each one take a stand under a tree, — to wait quietly until they were in full blast, then gently touch the trunk of the tree with the tip of the finger, or the point of a pencil, or the point of a *pin* even. We did so, and in an instant all the clatter ceased, the most profound silence succeeding. After awhile they began again, but with what seemed to us an awe-stricken faintness of tone, and at any time the very lightest touch upon the tree-trunk would produce perfect stillness.

The party on the piazza who were rather incredulous when we left to try the experiment, said it seemed more like witch-work than any thing else. We could not account for this singular effect, neither could our visitor, to whom we naturally appealed for an explanation. He said he was told so at some place where he was staying, that he had often proved its truth, and had seen others try it with the same success, but that was all he knew about it.

I hope you have not outgrown the early admiration for Four-leaved Clovers, which we felt when in the country in past summers, nor the girlish delight in seeing one start up suddenly, as it were, before your eyes, so plain to be seen when it *is* seen, and so persistently invisible when it is *not*, appearing when not looked for, refusing to be found if searched for. The taste for these friends of childhood does not die out with us. Aunt Emily says it never will with her, and the other day when sitting on the piazza talking with visitors, she excused herself a moment, and went down the steps to pick one which she saw in the grass, saying as she came back, that she should always be a child so far as four-leaved clovers were concerned; and one of the ladies said that *four-leaved cloverism* was inborn, she thought, while a gentleman, dignified and erudite, who might be supposed to be insensible to such trifles, said that he was always pleased when he found a four-leaved clover, and that he was reminded of a little incident which occurred at his house in the country. A friend, a lady who was oppressed with cares, anxieties, and sorrows, respecting which she had come to consult him, and who was talking with him with seriousness and solicitude, suddenly exclaimed, as she glanced from the window at which she was seated, "Oh, I see a four-leaved clover," and away she went to pick it, returning with a glow of girlish cheer-

fulness, chasing for the moment the sorrowful lines of care.

Well, I was going to say, before being betrayed into telling this little story, that this is the place for these mysterious whisperers of something, we know not what exactly, but something charming. Sarah, the cook, who believes in signs, says that those who find them are destined to "good-luck;" but Aunt Emily says she is afraid that is a mistake, for she seldom steps out-of-doors without finding one or more, and she cannot discover that she has ever been particularly favored in the article of good-luck. The other day I pulled up a tuft of clovers in a soft place, and all but one bore the mystic number. With it came up a root of the pretty little Innocence, and Aunt Emily drew the little bunch just as it was, and I send the drawing to you.



October 20.

"When is the best time to study the book of Nature?"
 "When Autumn turns the leaves."

The autumnal tints are making the woods look like a giant's flower-garden, or like a standing army marshaled rank above rank to the very top of the highest ridge, arrayed in scarlet and gold, and hanging out gay banners to the breeze. Sombre Hemlocks and Pines bring out the gayly tinted foliage so artistically, that the groups seem

as if arranged by a skillful hand, and there can be no doubt as to the skillfulness of the hand, since Nature herself

"Mixes the gorgeous Autumn dyes,
 And paints the woods about;
 With green the scarlet underlies,
 To bring the brightness out."

We are now deep in colored leaves, and bright coronets and wreaths and crosses, with crimson shadings and scarlet tings, and "rich mosaics of olive and gold and brown," are decidedly the fashion. Father says he cannot open a book without the out-tumbling of these radiant beauties which are too wonderful to be thrown away, and yet so abundant that all the books in the house could not contain them.

The big dictionaries, somewhat the worse for wear, are considered lawful plunder in the way of a pressing apparatus, but unfortunately these are in frequent demand, and alas, alas! who can tell how many of our tinted treasures are swept away to nameless graves. We are aware, however, of some of our losses, for Isabella will say, "Now, where is that beauty that had streaks of crimson fading into purple? I am sure that I put it in this book. Father, have you seen it?" And Helen will say, "Dear me, I cannot find that wonderful leaf, little blocks of green and yellow and black and white, a perfect mosaic, and so remarkable. Father, I saw your friend from the city reading in that very book yesterday. I should not wonder if he had taken it;" and I say, "Oh, those lavender-tinted leaves tipped with scarlet! Father, did not you let them fall when you opened that great book?" Poor Father has to stand these daily questionings, but seems very tranquil under our losses. He even says that every one lost is so much gained, for it will make room for another. This reasoning is not the most satisfying to us, though it must be confessed that a walk in the woods generally gives us ten for one of these favorites.

We are consulting authorities and learning in a general way what colors the different trees select for their autumnal dresses. In the latter part of September the trees begin to exchange their greenness for new tints, and these increase in intensity through the early part of October. Brown, olive, yellow, red, crimson, scarlet, and the *betweenities* of these tints, reddish-purple, greenish-yellow, brownish-yellow, yellow-ochre, buff-yellow, ashes of roses, maroons of all shades and tinges, more than I can specify. And this coloring of the leaf is not the effect of frost, as many trees are colored before any frost touches

them. Neither is it decay, for the leaves of brightest colors are as perfect, clear, and fresh, as the leaves of summer. It is the full and beautiful ripening of tint which precedes the wintry touch. And here let me say that there is no going beyond Nature in gorgeousness of tints, or variety, or wonderfulness of combinations. I have heard paintings of autumn leaves criticised as being too brilliant and not natural; but Aunt Emily says she does not dare paint them as brilliant as they really are, for people unaccustomed to examine them think them "beyond belief." To return to the colors in which trees choose to array themselves. Walnut-trees take shades of brown and yellow; Maples, the darling Maples, scarlet, crimson, orange, and all shades of all these colors, from the darkest maroon to the softest rose-tint. Gum-trees (*Liquidambar*) are peculiarly splendid, having pure crimson leaves, dark in the centre, and shaded off to the lightest tint, vivid scarlet curiously mottled with faint lavender and spots of silvery gray. The Dogwood (*Cornus-florida*) takes shades of dark crimson, rich maroon, and certain tender tints of pinkish purple and ashes of roses. Elms become bright yellow, sometimes a lemon yellow that is very noticeable. Birch and Beech appear in sober yellow ochre; Ash, Linden, and Oak, in shades of brown, though one species of Oak is scarlet. The Beech-trees retain their greenness longer than most others. They, with the *Coniferae*, or needle-leaved trees, help to bring out their brilliant sisters, and after a while the Beech exchanges its beautiful verdure for a dingy drapery of yellowish brown.

It really seems as if these graceful queens of forest society, and these stately monarchs of the woods, with a prevision of the coming disrobing days, determined to come out in one grand autumnal masquerade, and to bid farewell to æternal robes and vernal skies with the best grace pos-

sible. But the faithful Evergreen Family are never seduced from their integrity. No masquerading of next-door neighbors can persuade them to mingle gay tints with the severity of their sombre robes; only in the gala-days of spring and summer, a charming binding of lighter green creeps round the edges of the Hemlock boughs, and a softer shade comes over the whole family, but the color is the same,—evergreen always. Only the Larches change their color, the delicate, elegant Larches, and they, though needle-leaved, are not evergreen trees. How exquisite are those pyramids of fairy-like verdure in summer, with the beautiful dark cones; and late in the autumn, after all the brilliant coloring has gone the Larches come out in soft buff-yellow tintings, arresting the eye amidst the leafless branches around them. The graceful Woodbine is twining the brightest scarfs around the old trees in the meadows, and too often the gayest scarlet sprays flaunt defiantly just out of reach. Upon one tall Elm that stands alone in a field, the vine has run up without any leaves the whole height of the trunk, till, just before the branches part, it has wrapped it round and round in brilliant folds, and the tree looks as if it had on a red-flannel jacket. And now I will close this discourse upon autumn colors by quoting a few lines written by one of Father's sisters, who died many years ago, and whom we never saw. They were written one October morning upon one of those Maple-trees which stretched over the gateway of the old New England home.

"Last eve that tree in greenness stood before us,
And every leaf in vivid verdure abode;
But when the night a mantle dark threw o'er us,
Autumn's bright pencil put fresh colors on:
And in the place of Summer's simple green,
Red, orange, yellow, in bright glare are seen.
Thus Nature shows us that a simple dress
Is best becoming Spring-time loveliness;
For not till hues of youth begin to fade,
Are brighter colors on the foliage laid."

MARY LORIMER.

TERRA NOVA; OR, COAST LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

VI.

MARCH and April are passed, and now the sun of May looks down upon the interminable fields of ice that barricade all the eastern coast. Food is scarce; money cannot purchase flour or butter. In the stores there is nothing but a little weevily hard-tack, some rusty pork, and a

very small quantity of meal and peas, while potatoes and garden vegetables have been nearly all consumed.

The houses of the wealthier class are besieged by droves of beggars; and day after day swarms of wretched women and children surround the

police office for meal and salt. Some who are ashamed to beg, prowl about pretending to sell birch brooms, buckets, and strings of trout, for which they expect to get five times the value in tea, molasses, bread, or any kind of food, beside what they may steal. Money is literally no object, because it cannot buy that for which they are perishing. Most improvident have they been when they had plenty, and they are now generally in debt to the merchant. Public meetings are held, subscriptions raised, committees appointed, and measures adopted to suppress any thing like a riot, of which, indeed, there is little fear from such abject, spiritless creatures.

No sealers are to be seen or heard of. The *Sea Bird*, the vessel expected from New York with provisions, should have been in nearly a month ago; but there is no sign of her. From the loftiest hill-top nothing can be discerned but one white, still, dead surface of ice, packed, piled, and wedged in by the cruel east wind.

Oh the poverty and the misery! Here is a scene you may never forget. It is in the house of Captain Scupper. Behold that company of emaciated and famishing women and children gathered in this kitchen. Look at these pale, hollow cheeks; these large, wild eyes; these bony fingers; these half-naked, shrinking forms! These are the mothers, wives, and sisters of the poor seal-hunters. No tears bedew their cheeks; their terrible sorrows and sufferings are beyond tears! These wretched mothers have seen their children starve in their arms, without the means of helping them; they were in debt, and dare not ask for more. The dying moan for bread is yet in their ears. Yes; long ago they wept their last tear! See how they clutch that cup! How like wild beasts they lick up the last fragments on their platters!

Turn your eyes now upon their benefactors. The Scupper family belong to no organized relief committee; they held no public meetings, nor passed any resolutions. All they did was simply to fling wide their doors, and let in the miserable sufferers. See that noble woman, so unostentatiously generous, giving without stint that which God gave to her. Her tears fall for those who are unable to weep for themselves. God bless you, Aunt Becky! if ever a true, angelic woman lived in this world, you are she; and if beyond the rocky shores of your native land your name may never be mentioned in the noisy world, who can doubt that your deeds are chanted by cherubim and seraphim before the throne of your Father in heaven? And look at that sweet

girl! how her simple beauty is exalted and spiritualized by the glow and earnestness of her generous nature! She has scarcely time, one would think, to cast her thoughts toward the absent, so occupied is she with those who are present. Verily, she shall have her reward! In and out, up and down, never still one moment, Captain Scupper is seen all day long. Merchants, ministers, doctors, all consult him as an oracle. Now, with his spy-glass beneath his arm, he is seen toiling up the hill-side toward the Lookout; then he is dealing out his potatoes, turnips, and cabbages. Now he is fitting a plank on his boat; then he is off to some merchant's store, beseeching a little meal or pork for some poor widow. Now he is giving his opinion before a town meeting; then he is superintending a funeral in some wretched hovel. Never murmuring, never resting;—all day long he is doing some good. His own cares and sorrows may be secretly and silently deepening the great lines and furrows on his face; but outwardly, visibly, audibly, all his thoughts and labors and anxieties and prayers are for the poor and needy that press around him on all sides! "No," said he, one night, as he threw himself into a chair, weary with his day's exertion, "Tom Scupper, please God, shall never see a fellow-critter want for a mossil so long as he's got a crust o' bread!"

To add to the dreariness and discomfort of the time a northeast snow-storm set in, filling the roads with mud and slosh, and covering up what little of green the fields were beginning to show. This, to be sure, was an uncommon occurrence; it does not often happen that such a storm disfigures the fair face of May, even in that northern clime; but it so happened then.

One evening as we were gathered around the fire, while the wind was howling and the snow driving outside, Skipper Nat made his appearance again, when a long conversation took place in reference to the state of affairs, and what was to be expected and to be done. Skipper Nat gave it as his opinion that there would be a change in the wind before forty-eight hours, and that twelve hours of a good southwester would clear the bay of ice. In this opinion the Captain concurred with him.

"As fur as lack o' food is consarned," said Captain Scupper, "'t is woss now thun the year o' the Ralls,* in '17, when the people turned out so, and brake open the stores and cellars, and would ha' did a powerful sight ov mischief ef Mr.

* A name given to the bread-rioters of 1817, famous in the Annals of Conception Bay.

Hugh Danson had n't got up his company of armed men, and checked the trouble, and made a fair distribute ov pervisions amongst them as needed it most. But Law bless you, a man 'ud think hisself pore then, ef he had n't somethin' better thun fish and potatees; and now, jess look ov it! 'alf the people is livin', or rather dyin', upon yoller male and cold water."

"Well, Skipper Tom," said Skipper Nat, "that's true for you; but if the people only were a little more careful and provident, they would n't be so bad off; that's my opinion."

"'Tis mine too," replied Mr. Scupper; "but it is n't scoldin' they wants now, 't is meat and drink: this 'll teach 'em a lesson. They are woss off thun they was in the year o' the Ralls."

"True for you, Skipper Tom; but that year there was a terrible snow-storm, if you mind. The snow was piled up ten and twenty foot in some places, and people could n't get about so well as now."

We diverted the current of conversation by asking Skipper Nat how high he had ever seen the snow fall or drift.

"How high? why, I've been underneath it when it has been piled up sixty feet over me," replied Skipper Nat.

"Not here, you know, lads," interposed Captain Scupper.

"Oh no, not here," said Skipper Nat; "that was on the Labrador — that was."

We expressed a desire to hear this adventure; but just as he was about to begin, a stick of wood on the dog-irons burnt off in the middle, and one end fell blazing and crackling toward Martha Ann, who, giggling, gathered up her skirts and pushed back her chair.

"Hah!" exclaimed her father, seizing the brand with the tongs, "that tickles you, don't it, Marthy Ann? That's a good sign, ain't it? You'll soon see some one you likes to see, — eh?"

"Pshaw! father, I don't believe in any such — he! he! — why, it's only a brand of fire! — te! he! he! — and it came near upsetting the berryockey — a-hah-ha!"

It was evident by her sparkling eyes that she was but too well pleased with the good omen.

"Well," said Skipper Nat, "in the fall of '37 I volunteered to remain on the Labrador all the winter, because there was a good deal of stuff of one kind and another that our vessel could not take away."

"I mind the time well enough," said Captain Scupper, cutting up his tobacco, "because that

was the year that the *Pigeon* and all hands was lost on Moskittey Pint; and that same year me and six more got our boat into a whale's mouth, and come nigh bein' made Jonases ov; and that same summer Bobby Trench's son-in-law fell over into Pope's Hole on the Island, follerin' ov a ghost; and that same fall the *Mary Jane* was hauled up and 'ad a new starn put into her; and that same" —

Here we all burst out into a loud guffaw, for there seemed to be no end to the old man's reminiscences of remarkable events, — it must, indeed, have been his *Annus Mirabilis*.

"Well," continued Skipper Nat, after we had got into listening order, "I remained; and as there was a small settlement further down the coast, I thought I should n't want for company, although, indeed, it was a dreary prospect I had before me, and not without considerable danger. However, when the schooner pat to sea, and I found myself all alone, I contrived to make the best of it; and went about preparing things for the long winter.

"My tilt was built under the brow of a steep hill, not far from the shore; and with a little fixing up, — such as covering the roof with sods and stogging the seams with moss, — I contrived to make it a snug little nest enough. Then I had a good stock of wood, plenty of ammunition, a Bible, and some other books, with a large supply of provisions. I soon began to like my Crusoe mode of life, and enjoyed myself much more than one could suppose. Sometimes — just about tea-time mostly — a fit of loneliness would come over me; but it gradually wore away, until it seemed like a dream that ever I had mingled with my fellow-creatures in a civilized land. It took me some weeks to get my hut in order, my wood cut, my provisions stowed away, and every thing put ship-shape in comfortable trim against the dreary days ahead.

"It was well I did n't dally in my labor; for no sooner was I in a condition to face the Winter than he began to face me, and almost every day he assailed my fort with wind, frost, and snow; hail, sleet, and rain.

"About the first week in December it began to come down in real earnest, and the wind being low, there was, in two days, an even fall of some six or eight feet, which, indeed, was almost level with the eaves of my house. By hard shoveling I kept an open path to my well, that gushed up at the foot of a rock, and, being a spring, never was much frozen. I thought it a wise thing however, to set up a pole, with a remnant of an

old sail, near by, so that in case the well were covered up, I should know just where to search for it.

"On the third night of the storm the snow came down thicker and faster than ever, the wind increasing from the northeast — a perfect hurricane. I got in a good supply of water, piled up a roaring fire, and sat down to listen to the howling wind, to read my books, smoke my pipe, mend my toggs, and cook my meal, — such being my in-door employments. Somehow, I *did* feel low-spirited that night. I could n't help thinking of those who were so far away from me. I felt my utter loneliness weigh upon me, till I actually began to pity myself, as if I was some poor, forlorn creature, cast adrift from the world, and all its cares and comforts. Tears came into my eyes; and I almost repented that I had undertaken to remain at all. However, when I began to consider that the same God who was watching my loved ones at home, was also present in my humble abode, amid the storms and snows and night; I say, when I thought of this, I gained comfort, and, wrapping myself up in my blankets, lay down to rest like a little child that goes to sleep holding its mother's finger in its fist.

"But oh, how the wind roared, and howled, and whistled! Sometimes a great gust would come, carrying a shower of bright sparks up my chimney, and then howl down as if it was some demon that wanted to get into my house. Then again the gale would moan and whine like some one in pain; or pant and shriek, as though some poor creature were perishing in the drifts; then would come a roar like a furious wild beast!

"At length the sounds grew gradually fainter and fainter; the wind seemed to be dying away, until at last all was as still and silent as the grave, except, it may be, a low, muffled growl, very, very far off.

"I dropped to sleep. How long I slept I knew not; but when I woke all was dark, and my fire was nearly out. I jumped up, laid some splits on the ashes; but there was not draught enough to kindle them, and the room was full of smoke. When I opened the door, I found one solid wall of snow filling up the entire doorway. This, however, was no more than I expected. Going back to my fire-place, I looked up the flue, and the snow seemed to form an arch over it. Can it be possible, thought I, that I am buried alive beneath the snow?

"Taking my shovel, I dug into the white mass that blocked my door; but after excavating some

five or six feet, no daylight appeared! It was evident that the tilt was many, many feet beneath the surface; being situated at the foot of the hill, which rose some sixty or seventy feet in the rear, I came to the conclusion that from the brow of the hill out to perhaps the well, or even beyond, was all one solid block of snow, which I could not expect to see removed for three or four months! To dig my way out would be difficult, if not impossible, and certainly somewhat dangerous; for, should the tunnel cave in, where was I? Smothered! To remain idle would never answer, on the other hand; for my fire would not burn, but only smoulder, and fill the premises with smoke, bad enough to blind one; and then my stock of water would soon be exhausted.

"After pondering the matter over for a long, long time, I resolved at last to risk a tunnel, at any rate. I thought, as I had no difficulty in breathing, and as my lamp burned pretty well, that air must come in from some hole or corner, and perhaps the drift might not be so high, after all. So, tying a string round my waist, and fastening the other end to the staple of the door-lock, I commenced to work my way along. It was dreadful hard work, and no mistake, — that it was; for, as I could not remove the snow, I had to trample it down and press it each side, and melt it, and so make away with it as best I could. And then the air was so close and hot, that I was in one bath of perspiration all the while. One night I woke up with the cold shivers; and the next day, — if I may call it day, — I was proper sick, — a violent cold. The way I cured myself was to get up and dig for dear life at the snow tunnel until I was dripping wet, and as hot as a plum-pudding just out of the pot."

"'Tis all nonsense givin' way to a cold," interposed Captain Scupper; "all a pack o' nonsense. Me and" —

"Well, won't you let us hear Skipper Nat out, father?" asked Mrs. Scupper, good naturedly.

"Oh yes; I was only goin' to say that me and Alfred Passons took a *nauseful* cold one night to the ice through sleepin' on a pan; he went to his bunk, and I kept about; and here am I now," said the Captain, giving himself a dig in the chest with his thumb.

"And where's Alfred?" we asked.

"Where? Why he fell from the yard-arm about ten year ago, and was never seen after!"

"Well," continued Skipper Nat, "in a day or two, I began to hear a faint roaring sound of wind, and then the light grew stronger and stronger, which gave me hopes that I must be

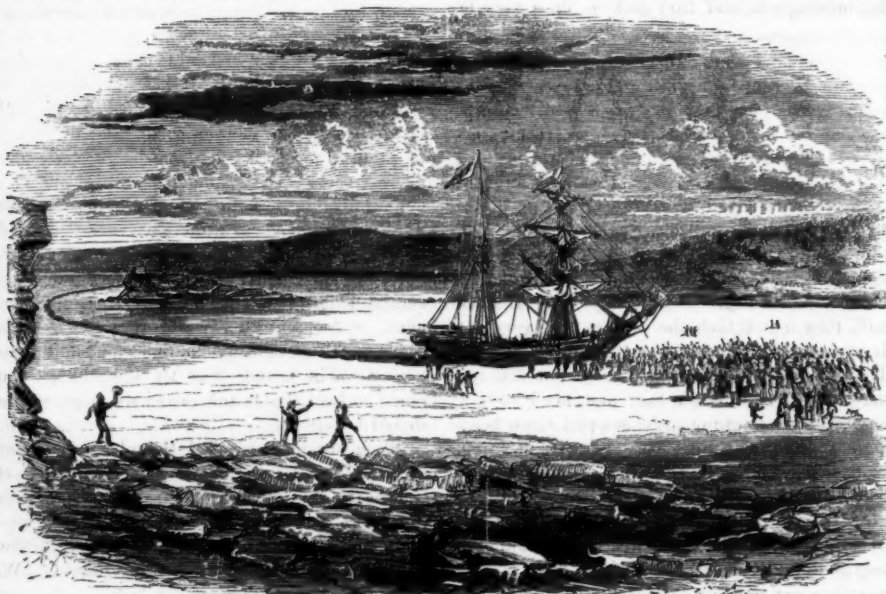
coming out. This caused me to renew my labor with fresh vigor. At every shovelful almost, the noise of the wind and the glimmer of light increased, until, at last, all at once, the top of the tunnel caved in; and, after considerable struggling and puffing, I came out once more to the blessed light of day! Shaking the snow from myself, I found it was as I supposed. There was a snow-drift of sixty feet piled over my house, from the brow of the hill to within a few feet of the well. I had occasion to rejoice that I had myself tied to the door-post, otherwise I should never have found my way back, or, at least, not for a long time. As I said before, there was a settlement down the coast; as soon as I

could, I set off and got some men to come and help me dig out the house. But I can tell you that the next year when we came back to the Labrador, there was a good heap of that drift in the valley still; and, for that matter, it remained all the summer.

"But it's getting rather late, and my Missus will think I've tumbled over the cliff."

So cake and berryockey finished another dreary day.

Exactly as Skipper Nat predicted, in less than forty-eight hours the wind changed to the southwest,—a brisk breeze with heavy rain. One evening the old Captain came in with the joyful tidings that the drift-ice had broken away from



the harbor-ice, and was rapidly moving out of the bay. Oh, how the sight of the blue water sent a thrill of delight through every heart! All that night the gale continued from the south and west; and on the following morning a vessel was distinctly seen rounding Cape St. Francis, and heading up the bay. She was soon recognized as being the *Sea Bird*, with the white and blue flag of Munroe & Co. at the mast-head. Crowds of eager and anxious people gathered on the hills and headlands to hail the relief-bearing ship,—sometimes they would shout, sometimes cry, sometimes laugh,—they scarce knew what to do, so grateful were they for their deliverance from the perils which a few hours before seemed so imminent!

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the *Sea Bird* came up to the islands, where the harbor-ice formed an almost impenetrable barrier to her further progress. But it was not long before hundreds of men, women, and children were seen moving in dark masses over the ice, bearing with them axes, poles, and saws, to cut a channel. An amateur band of music further enlivened the scene; and a detachment of the Royal Newfoundland Companies, in their scarlet coats, lent a helping hand, and were very "convenient" in case of a "scrimmage."

In company with Captain Scupper and his daughter, we were among the first to come alongside of the *Sea Bird*. Martha Ann was pretend-

ing to take a deep interest in the occasion from pure philanthropic motives, and was all hysterical giggle, until she recognized, standing on the bows, the manly form of George Leslie, when she could no longer conceal her real feelings, but, falling on her father's shoulder, wept like the glad and simple child that she was.

"Hullo, Marthy! what's this? This ain't no time fur snivillin'. Let's get her made fast fust," exclaimed the old Captain, staring very hard at the fore-top-gallant-sail of the *Sea Bird*, while a half-a-dozen great tears were trickling down each side of his own nose.

Every one was soon at work, — chopping, pulling, poking, pounding, sawing, shouting, or carrying messages to and fro; and so in a very few

hours the vessel was at the wharf-head, and the stores — her precious freight — were being discharged as rapidly as a dozen clerks could attend to the delivery.

In a few days the harbor-ice broke up and disappeared, the sun shone out, the sealers began to arrive with various fortune, and gladness and plenty took the place of want and despair. There was one dark circumstance, however, that threw a gloom over our party as well as many others; a trunk was picked up by the *Sea Bird*, which, on examination, proved to have belonged to the *Hit or Miss*, Thomas Scupper's vessel; and of course there was a fearful suspicion that she was wrecked and all hands had perished.

HARRY BOLINGBROKE.

BETS AND BETTING.

PART II.

NOT many days after, the boys set out again to go down to the mill, in order to examine the rocks under the dam and settle the question of the existence of such holes in the rocks as William had described. When they arrived at the mill, they found that the water was very low. It was not flowing over the top of the dam at all. The mill was in operation, it is true, at the time the boys arrived, but it had not been so very long, and it was going to be stopped again before a great while for want of water. At such times as this, they have to stop the machinery for a time every day, and wait till the pond fills up. Then they can raise the gate and set the water-wheel in motion again, and keep it in motion as long as the water lasts. Generally, in such cases, enough water flows in at night to keep the mill going all day; but in this case there was not enough even for that. There was not more than water enough for three or four hours each day.

It would not ordinarily be worth while to work a mill for so short a time as that, since the men would have to leave the work they were doing, in other places, to come — half a mile, perhaps, or more — to the mill; but in this case the mill-man did it in order to accommodate one of his customers, a farmer named Mr. Grow, who had hauled some logs to the mill several weeks before, and who was very anxious to have them sawed, as he was in great need of his boards to finish a barn that he was building. He had asked the mill-man, the evening before, whether he could

not possibly saw his logs for him the next day. "How many logs are there?" asked the mill-man. "Not more than half a dozen," said the farmer. "We may, possibly, squeeze out water enough from the old pond for that," said the mill-man. "At any rate, we'll try." So he had come, with one of his men, and had set the mill agoing. The farmer was there with his team, ready to haul the boards away as soon as they should be sawed.

When the boys reached the place, they clambered down near one end of the bridge to the bed of the stream, and then made their way over the rocks, until they came close to the dam — William leading the way, and John closely following him. When they arrived at the spot, William pointed to a large round hole in the rock, which here formed the bed of the river, saying, at the same time, with a triumphant air, —

"There! what do you say to that?"

The hole was about a foot in diameter, and, perhaps, eighteen inches deep. It was quite round and smooth on the inside. John looked at it a moment, with a somewhat perplexed expression of countenance, and then said, —

"But it is not as big as a barrel."

"No; this one is not," replied William. "But come along here."

So saying, he led the way farther along in front of the dam, and presently came to a number of other similar holes, several of which John was obliged to admit were as big as a barrel.

"Yes," replied John, "but I don't believe the water made them."

"O Johnny!" said William, "that is not fair. What else could have made them, if the water did not? See! they are all here, right under where the fall comes over the dam, when the pond is full, and nowhere else."

But John, in rambling about over the rocks, found several holes which were at some little distance from the dam, though at places where the water, when the stream was high, flowed in a very swift and turbulent current. The truth is, that such holes as these, in the rocks under a dam, are formed by the whirling and grinding of stones which get caught in any natural and accidental depressions or cavities in the surface of the rock, and are there carried round and round by the rush of the water, until, finally, they wear a deep hole, or get worn out themselves, by the constant friction.

It was evident to both the boys that this was the process by which the holes had been formed, but they disagreed entirely in respect to the language which it was proper to use in describing it. John maintained that it was not the water, but the stones, which wore away the rock, and that William had lost his bet. But William contended that it was really the water which made the holes, though it used the stones as its tools in making them.

"How do you think the stones could grind out such holes," said William, "if it was not for the water to carry them round and round, and grind with them?"

"And how do you suppose the water could grind out the holes," said John, "if it had not the stones to grind with?"

The boys were in the midst of this discussion when all at once they saw the farmer, who was waiting for his boards, coming toward them. He had nothing to do, while he was waiting for his logs to be sawed, and so had been sauntering about the mill; and seeing these boys on the rocks he turned his steps slowly toward them, to see what they were doing. The boys knew Mr. Grow very well. He lived about a mile from the mill, on a pleasant road, where William used often to go in his father's wagon. The boys of the village all knew him very well, for he was always very kind to them. When they went by his farm in the fall of the year he used to give them apples. And, indeed, in the winter, when he came into the village to sell his apples, he would often stop and give some of them to the children that he saw going along the street.

"They are winter apples," he would say, "and are not very good to eat as they are, but they are excellent to roast."

So the children of the village liked Mr. Grow very much, because he was so kind to them all. One reason why he was so kind was that he once had two children of his own, a boy and a girl; but they both fell sick and died. After this, both Mr. Grow and his wife seemed to have a kind feeling for all the children that they saw. They stopped to talk with them in the street, and liked to have them come to their house to play; and very often gave them nuts and apples, and other such things.

"Mr. Grow," said William, as soon as he saw Mr. Grow drawing near, "I am very glad that you have come. John and I have got a dispute that we want you to settle."

"Well," said Mr. Grow, "I'll settle the dispute, if I can. I have nothing else to do till my boards are sawed. He has just begun on the last log. What is the dispute?"

"Why, John says," replied William, "that these holes"—

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Grow, interrupting him. "Don't tell me what John says, or what you say. Tell me only what the question is, without telling me which side either of you take. Then I can consider it fairly, and however I decide it, you can't say that I showed any partiality."

So William stated the question. It was, he said, whether it was the water or the stones, that made the holes in the rock.

"You see it is a bet," said William, "and we want you to decide it."

"Oh! it is a bet, is it?" said Mr. Grow. "Then I can't do any thing about it. I never have any thing to do with bets."

"Never?" asked William.

"No," said Mr. Grow, "I don't approve of betting."

"That is what a great many people say," replied John, "but I don't see what harm there is in it, if you don't bet too much. It is as fair for one as it is for the other, and one gains just as much as the other loses."

"I am not sure of that," said Mr. Grow, "and, at any rate, I don't approve of betting, and can't have any thing to do even with deciding a bet made by other people."

"Why, it is only a ride that we bet," said John.

"A ride?" repeated Mr. Grow. "What kind of a ride?"

"A ride on each other's backs," said William. "If I am right, he is to give me a ride on his back, as far as he can carry me; and if he is right, I am to give him a ride."

"Well, if that is all," said Mr. Grow.

He paused, and seemed to be hesitating whether he should compromise his principles by deciding such a bet as that; when, suddenly, the mill-man called to him that his last log was nearly sawed. So he said he must go, and immediately went away, leaving both questions—that is, whether it would be right for him to decide such a kind of bet as that, and, also, whether the holes were worn out by the water or the stones—undecided.

The boys went up to the mill with Mr. Grow, to help him put upon his cart the lot of boards which had come from the last log, and then Mr. Grow went away with his load in one direction, while they set off in another to go home. As they had not been able to decide which was right in regard to the holes, and as they both wished not to lose the fun of riding on each other's backs, they concluded to consider it a drawn bet, as they call it, and both to pay the forfeit. So first William carried John a little way on his back, and then John carried William; and they found so much amusement in this that they continued to lug each other along, in this manner, alternately, all the way home.

William, who was one of that class of boys who are always curious to know the why and the wherefore of things, was not satisfied without knowing why so many people thought it wrong to bet. Especially, he wished to know what answer there could be to his reasoning, namely, that in all cases of betting one gained just as much as the other lost, and that it was as fair for one as it was for the other; which two propositions seemed to him to prove that there was, on the whole, no loss and no injustice. And he determined to ask his mother.

He did ask her that very afternoon, as soon as he came home. She heard his question and his reasoning, and after reflecting upon the subject a moment, she said,—speaking very frankly and candidly, as a mother always should in such cases,—that she did not at once see what reply was to be made to his reasoning, but she was well convinced that there must be some answer, as she had always understood that betting, and dealing in lotteries, which was essentially of the same nature as betting, were very wrong, and were the occasion of a great deal of misery.

"When your father comes home," said Mrs.

Gay, "we will ask him. You may state the question to him," she added, "or I will."

"I will state it to him," said William.

"You would better tell him," said she, "that what you wish to know is why betting and such things are wrong, and what answer there is to your reasoning."

Accordingly, that evening William stated the question to his father.

"I see. You want to understand the philosophy of it," said his father.

"Yes, sir," replied William. "Is not that right?"

"Certainly," said his father. "That is perfectly right. The more you understand the philosophy of such things the better, and I am very glad to help you all I can. We will take your propositions in order. You say, first, there is no evil done on the whole, by a bet, because one gains just as much as the other loses. Now this seems, at first, to be true, but it is not really so. It is true as to the money, or the stake, whatever it is, which is laid, but it is not true in respect to the whole effect of the transaction. The one who loses, loses a great deal more than the other gains, inasmuch as the disappointment, mortification, and vexation of losing, are in general a far greater source of pain than the triumph and gain on the other side are of pleasure. The pain of the loss is intensified by the feeling of having done wrong, or, at least, of having committed a folly, while the pleasure of the gain is diminished by similar considerations; so that the two do not balance each other at all. In the same manner, in a lottery, if one man gains ten thousand dollars in a prize, ten thousand people must lose a dollar a piece to make up the amount; and the pain, disappointment, vexation, and loss to all these ten thousand people must enormously exceed, in amount, the good which the whole sum will do to the man who gained the prize."

"I don't exactly see why it should," said William.

"No," replied his father, "you have not had experience enough, nor opportunities enough, to observe the effects of betting and lottery gambling to judge, yourself; but all disinterested persons who have had these opportunities are well convinced that it is so; and that the amount of misery which such practices occasion, enormously overbalances all the good. Thus, your principle that some one always gains what others lose, though seemingly true, and perhaps really true in respect to the mere sum of money, is wholly

untrue in regard to the other results, which are altogether more important.

"The first proposition being thus untrue," continued his father, "the second falls to the ground. The bet, instead of being as fair for one as for the other, is not fair for either, since each one risks losing much more than he has a chance to gain. The most that you can say is that it is as unfair for one as it is for another; but even this is not always true. And, at any rate, bets, and all lotteries, produce a far greater amount of disappointment, vexation, anger, and misery, than is sufficient to counterbalance any gains that the winners make. Every body who has any opportunity to watch the operation of them knows this, and so almost all good men set their faces against them.

"Such little play-bets as yours," added Mr. Gay, after a moment's pause, during which William seemed to be thinking of what his father had been saying, "would not, of themselves, do any harm, but as they might be the beginning of what would do harm, it is better, on the whole, not to bet at all."

"And that is the philosophy of it, then?" said William.

"Yes," said his father, "that is the philosophy of it."

William was, on reflection, entirely satisfied with what his father said about betting, but still he felt some curiosity to know which was right, he or John, in respect to the cause of the holes. And I must do him the justice to acknowledge that his motive for wishing this was not any desire to gain a triumph over John, but an interest in knowing what the real explanation of the phenomenon was. So he concluded to ask Watt.

"It is not on account of the bet," said he. "We don't care any thing about the bet. We have given that up. Only we want to know how it really was. I think the water made the holes, but John thinks it was the stones."

"Because, you see," said John, "if there had not been any stones to grind, the water would never have worn such holes there — never in the world."

"And if there had been no whirling water there, to carry the stones round and round," rejoined William, "the stones would never have worn such holes there — never in the world."

"Then," said Watt, "how would it do to say that the water and the stones together made the holes?"

This very simple way of solving the difficulty

seemed to be, at first, a little surprising to the boys, for they were both silent for a moment, not knowing exactly what to say.

"The water made them with the stones," suggested William. "The water was the workman, and the stones were the tools."

"But the water could not have worked the tools of itself," said Watt. "There must have been a fall to set the water to whirling. So we might say the fall made the holes."

"Yes," rejoined William, "and the dam made the fall, and so we might say the dam made the holes."

"And the mill-men made the dam," added Watt, "and therefore we might say the mill-men made the holes. And so we might go on *ad infinitum*."

"What do you mean by that?" asked William.

"Forever," said Watt. "The case reminds me of a story."

"Tell us the story," said William.

"Once there was a steamer lying at a pier in a harbor. The captain was on shore, at a tavern, eating his breakfast. The harbor-master came in and told him that he must move his steamer away from the pier, to make room for another that was coming in. He said he would, and he wrote a note to the mate, who was on the pier, ordering him to move the steamer out into the stream; and the mate sent down to the engineer, who was in charge of the engine, ordering him to fire up the engine and move the steamer out into the stream. The engineer fired up the engine, and the fire made the water boil, and the water boiling made the steam, and the steam made the piston move, and the piston-rod made the crank go round, and the crank carried the main shaft round, and the shaft worked the paddle-wheels, and the paddle-wheels pawed the water, and the steamer began to move, and so was carried out into the stream. Then the engineer sent word to the mate in the office, on the pier, that he had moved the steamer according to orders; and the mate sent to the captain that he had moved the steamer according to orders; and the captain sent word to the harbor-master that he had moved the steamer. Thus, each of them thought that he was the one that did the work. And, at the same time, the coal that made the fire might have thought that *it* did it, and the steam that *it* did it, and the crank that *it* did it, and the paddle-wheels that *they* did it."

The boys listened to this curious statement with great interest, and, although it was put in a somewhat queer form, as was customary with

Watt in such cases, there was really sound philosophy in it, — for every effect produced is the result of a long succession of causes, to any one of which it may properly be attributed; and it is followed, moreover, by a long series of results.

"So you see," said Watt, "that every thing is connected with every other thing in an endless and perpetual chain to which we can find no termination either way. There is no beginning to any cause, and no end to any effect."

"How did you know all that?" asked William, after a short pause.

"I read it," said Watt.

"Where did you read it?" asked William.

"Out of a book," said Watt.

The boys went away a short time after this, and they concluded that, as neither of them had won the bet, they would both pay again, by each giving the other another ride on his back.

JACOB ABBOTT.

THE "ONCE UPON A TIME CLUB."

CONCLUSION OF HAZELTEEN'S STORY.

THE first meeting had proved our Club a success, but a second assembly was deferred by a succession of misfortunes many days, and as one of our laws was to the effect that no story intended for or continued to any sitting of the "Once Upon a Time Club" should be made known either in part or in whole to any member or members of our society, except at the regular meetings, we could not draw another word of the "Haunted House" from Hazelteen, and yet each day for a week and more some one of us, in impatient interest, was trying to lead dear Will to a hint or better of what the adventure turned out; but neither stratagem nor direct attack brought any thing more satisfactory than a "Who knows?" from Will, or a shake of his head. It is easy enough to wait for continuations of newspaper and magazine stories. These we *read*, and then they are hardly ever true. Beside which, we know just when we shall learn the rest, and there is no hope deferred. But here was a true story, a real adventure of Bill Hazelteen's, coming from his own lips too, and yet, waiting anxiously for each night to hear more, each night we were disappointed. But there came finally a last postponement or accident to the "Once Upon a Time Club" during that moon, and in another twenty-four hours we were met in safety at our chosen place, to listen to "The Conclusion of the Haunted House."

"Hal Stuart's father owned a plantation about five miles from our St. John's River place, and his parents lived there from October to July. Hal had invited my brother John and me to pass our Christmas vacation with him. That was grand, for it furnished the opportunity we longed for to pass a night in the Haunted House. We had

never been forbidden outright to stay there over night, but yet we knew our parents would prefer that we should not do so, and whenever we had started on our hunting parties to the St. John's plantation, they had always told us to be back by eight or nine o'clock the same night. Now in this case I thought that being over at the Stuarts' house, father and mother would not think of our sleeping in the Haunted House, and therefore would say nothing to forbid it directly or indirectly. But when John and I came to talk this over a few days before the twenty-fifth of December, we saw that by such a course we should really disobey our parents as much as if we boldly acted in defiance of an actual command, for we knew their wishes, and to oppose those wishes was to disobey. 'At any rate,' said John, — and I tell you, fellows, brother John never could do any thing that was in the least mean, — 'at any rate,' said he, 'it will not be manly and straightforward, Will, so we had better ask permission, whether we are refused or not.' That was hard, and it looked very much as if we were to lose our promised adventure. However, a night or two before going to Hal Stuart's, we made the request of father and mother, and, much to our delight and astonishment, it was granted, after a few jokes from father, and many cautions about blankets, fires, etc., from mother. Christmas came on Thursday that year, — it was the year before I came to boarding-school, — and we started early Wednesday morning for the Stuarts' plantation. Although it was only fourteen or fifteen miles from town, yet we wanted to have as much time there with Hal as possible, and he had told us that if we could get there early, we should have a deer drive. That was enough to start us out of bed at any hour, and when we

called Scip and Zanoni to saddle up, it was just daybreak. John's horse felt pretty well, and when John, after a hard struggle, got his legs fairly clasped about him, the fiery fellow reared so that Scip (he was an old negro that had had charge of father's stable since he was a lad) begged John to get off. The restlessness of John's young stallion set an example that my colt, a marsh takey,* was quick to follow; so I gave him rein, and John was soon clattering behind me at a slapping rate. Away we went galloping through two miles of soft carpeted pine wood, John's two young hounds trying to keep up with us, and yelping with fun. When the stage road was reached, the edge was taken off our horses' sharpness, and they and the dogs came down to a more reasonable gait. And then we boys, as horses and dogs trotted easily along, and the pleasant scents of pine and honeysuckle regaled us, fell to imagining the old Spanish days in Florida. But the sun was soon brightening the tree-tops, and Speed, one of the hounds, gave voice that he had started a rabbit or something, so we left the troop of men in armor and the banner of the Cross, and put spurs to our horses. As those we had journeyed with for a few minutes faded out of sight and were lost in the same forests their spirits inhabit, we galloped on quickly again, with a shout to the hounds and a laugh for our reveries, and in an hour more drew rein at the Stuarts' porch; and after a hearty luncheon, prepared for our visit to the St. John's plantation and our 'Haunted House.'

"Throughout the South, the negroes have three days' vacation at Christmas time, — three days when they are entirely their own masters to go and come as they please. It is a time of great merriment and rejoicing, and their custom is to travel by road and river to the nearest town with a stock of eggs, poultry, vegetables, and flowers for sale. Christmas being the negroes' market-day, they profit by it, and every town market-place is the scene of the gayest and most chattering business imaginable. With the profits of their sales they invest largely in gay handkerchiefs, tobacco, and whisky, and the two days following they make a rollicking time of. Plantation work closes on the afternoon of December the twenty-fourth, and by eight o'clock that night the roads are lively with groups of men and women, each with a bundle hung to a stick over

his or her shoulder, and all laughing, talking, and yelling as they plod along; whilst from the river plantations large rafts loaded with crowds of them, each raft with its fiddler and one or two pine fires, fore and aft, to light the voyage, merrily float down the stream to the songs of their noisy, happy freight. Now, as we fellows thought that the negroes on our plantation might have something to do with the *haunting* of the old Governor's house, we planned our trip so as not to reach the St. John's plantation until the black people were on their way to town, and we also determined not to let ourselves be seen by any of the negroes, but to avoid the cabins and get to the old house secretly. Having arranged every thing — taking our guns, matches, blankets for a spread on the floors, provisions for a supper and breakfast, and all other things we believed necessary for our mysterious enterprise — we set out on foot about six in the evening for the Haunted House, making our way through the woods and over the fields, so as to avoid the negroes on the paths and roads.

"It was after seven, but yet light, when we crept through the wild-orange grove at the south end of the old house, that, gray and mournful, seemed the home of the many shadows stealing more noiselessly and stealthily even than we up the broad, moss-grown steps of the long piazza. We looked carefully about: not a soul saw us. The solemn oak avenue was as lifeless as the river seen through its darkening perspective. As we pushed open the creaking door, a small snake hissed at us from under our entering feet, and slid away to a hole in the hallway floor. As it would not do to light candles in the old house, and betray our presence there at night, it was necessary to make a survey of our ghostly quarters as quickly as possible. The result of our hurried, but nevertheless careful reconnoissance, was that, first, we found the main hall we had entered to be very wide, and reaching through the house to the backdoor. There were a few tall-back, strangely carved chairs, standing here and there in desolate disorder; and a large picture-frame, unfilled by a canvas, hung, cobwebbed and dusty, by one string on the wall. A broad stairway, whose heavy banisters were bent and loose, led to the floor above. This was the hall where the revelers years ago had waited for the pistol-shots of their comrades, the duelists, in the room that we entered next on the right of the hall. It was a room of the same length as the hall, that is, the breadth of the house, and it was almost as long one way as

* A small horse, of much endurance and spirit, that is a native of some of the Southern sea-islands, and other salt borders; perhaps they are descendants of the Indian horse. They go wild in droves, from which they are often taken young, to be broken to saddle use.

another. Evidently, it had been the great dining-room. The rotting remnants of what had once been a thick, elegant carpet still covered the floor, and a handsome extension table, on which were piled chairs, chandeliers, and vases, occupied one side of the room. I believe this apartment, as indeed most parts of the house, had never been disturbed since the morning after the duel, when the guests of the lost man, unsuccessful in their hunt and appalled by the seeming mystery of his disappearance, hurried off to pleasanter scenes. My father had bought the house just as it stood, half-furnished and comfortable; and as he did not care to live there, and only bought it as a part of the plantation he wished to cultivate, he left it every thing unchanged, except where the hand of Time had wasted, since the Christmas feast of the Governor's son. We looked around this room with the interest arising from its history: we fancied how the duelists, the one bloodthirsty, the other in terror, had glided about in the dark, their weapons held ready for the sudden encounter. And whilst we looked here and there, our minds excited by the scene called up, one of us discovered in the wall, a few feet from the great open fireplace, a bullet-hole about breast-high from the floor. That, no doubt, was the result of the first shot, when G——'s opponent fired, thinking he and his adversary were in contact; and in the ceiling overhead was the mark of the second shot, the signal that the duel was ended. On the hearth there lay the pile of ashes of the fire tramped out on that terrible night. But, if I describe every one of the many rooms of that large and strangely fashioned house, we shall sit here all night. I will only say that the other rooms on that floor, and there were five on each side of the entrance hall, were mostly unfurnished, dark, and dusty. Under this first floor was an immense cellar, and on the second floor, that over the dining-room, were twelve or fourteen bed-chambers, opening so oddly one into the other and into the hallway, and so perplexing with corners, windows, and closets, that to find one's way through the labyrinth was a difficult task in the now fast-darkening night; so we chose the central and largest front bed-chamber as a sleeping place, and there threw down our blankets.

"In our survey of the first floor, there was one room at a corner of the house, the door of which we could not open, and, in the cellar, we found steps leading up to this room, which was apparently entered from those steps by a trap-door; but we could not lift the trap-door, fast-

ened in a manner we could not discover in the dark.

"'Ho, ho!' said John, 'if this is a Haunted House, then here lives His Ghostship sure as shooting.'

"The last thing we did, just before it grew too dark to do any thing, was to pick up all the dead branches and kindling within ten yards of the house, and lay them on the dining-room fireplace, ready to kindle when the ghosts had gone, or when they persistently refused to appear. We joked very bravely in this way, but, in reality, it was not very good fun to wait without fire or candle in that grim, mouldy house, as the darkness crowded through every hole and window until we could not see a comrade's face, even when we could feel his hand. The front door had been closed and bolted before that, and we had gone up the creaking stairway to our chosen room, to wait there in gloom and discomfort the drama of the night. Soon the night-breeze rose from the river, and, shaking first the great limbs of the oak avenue, moaned and whistled whisperingly through the countless cracks and crevices of our Haunted House. Then it would die away for a moment, to come again with a faint rumbling in the big chimneys, sounding exactly like the slow rustling of a garment. However, we were not faint-hearted. Darkness, the night-wind, and the creaking of boards we cared not for: and soon we had almost forgot their dreariness in watching the scene from the window; for the plantation rafts, from many and many places miles up the river, were constantly floating by in our sight. It was a splendid thing to watch, — this Christmas Eve river-festival of the negroes: the water shone so flickeringly from the red glare of the fat pine fires on each end of the rafts; the foliage over the river, on the opposite bank, was so dark and heavy; and the black figures — in one boat all but the steersman — grouped over a blaze, as a story-teller held them bound by some probably weird romance. Another raft drifted in view, with the darkies dancing like demons; whilst an old fiddler, perched on some high place, worked himself like a steam pump to lead, with his music, the combined frenzy and jollity of the dancers. Up and over them curled the black wreaths from the blazing logs, and, every few seconds, a united yell — a 'O-y-ha-a!' — broke in a sort of laughing shriek, to time and fire their performances. Again a raft came by; this time the negroes in different groups, standing or sitting, whilst they joined, with all the passion of negro music, in a

favorite chorus. Now and then, a figure would detach itself from the groups to kick a log in the fire, and then a great shower of sparks shot up into the sky.

"In an hour or two, most of them had gone by. It was only occasionally that a piece of song or a shout reached us from the river, and sometimes there were long periods when the only sound was the low voice of the wind. We were feeling very tired and drowsy, and growing skeptical and indifferent to ghosts, spirits, or any thing so immaterial, when, suddenly, the ceiling of our room grew light. It was nearly twelve, and the full moon was rising. When it had climbed

above the tops of the great trees in the swamp opposite, we, at the proposition of Hal Stuart, started in stocking feet, and each one of us carrying a gun or pistol, to again inspect the Haunted House. The hunters had not come to us, so we must go to them. From room to room we went, as quietly as possible, but to find only dust, moonlight, and repose. A loose board cracked under foot, a door creaked on its rusted hinges: in one room a bat darted by, and rose in the chimney; in another, a cricket set up his piping. That was all; but, in returning to our bedroom through the hallway, John opened a side-light of the front door, and immediately



called us, in an undertone, to come there. We did so, and saw what had caught his attention, — a flatboat, with four negroes in it, coming from the middle of the stream directly to the boat-steps at the foot of our avenue. 'What does that mean, eh, fellows?' asked John, in a whisper. 'Don't know,' we answered, 'but we can watch them without being seen ourselves.' Under the bluff they were out of sight; but, in a few moments, we heard the boat bump, and then a rattling as the poles were laid on board. A little after that, the four black chaps showed themselves on the bank. Each one had a large bag over his shoulders, and they walked slowly, as if their loads were very heavy. They were

coming up the avenue, straight for the house. 'Those are the ghosts, by thunder!'

"'Yes, I guess so,' said Hal, 'and what shall we do now?' John spoke up quickly: 'I know; you fellows keep perfectly quiet whilst I run upstairs;' and up he went, three steps at a time, but without a bit of noise, and in ten seconds down he came again, with an old sheet on his arm. This he threw hastily over himself, head and all, lifting it with his raised arms so high above his shoulders that he seemed a giant. 'Gather it around my waist — quick, fellows! Now, when I say "Ready!" you two open the door, as suddenly as you can, and stand behind it, — out of sight, mind you, and have your shooting-

irons all ready, in case things go wrong!' We were ready before the negroes were within ten feet of the piazza, and could watch them easily through the half-closed side-light. They advanced, talking in a grumble, and evidently feeling the weight of their burdens. Arrived at the steps they let down their bags, and, whilst they rested for a minute, turned their big white-balled eyes up to the house.

"All right," said one; "dar's the ghose house, and 'ere, p'r'aps, the ghoseses — yha, yha! le's hirry up. Cum, Jake; cum, July."

"Up they came — to the top step."

"Ready!" whispered John, as he took a step into the middle of the hall, and we pulled back the door with a jerk. John *did* look frightfully, as he stood there in the moonlight, bent forward, and his arms stretched upwards like wings, just as if he were about to make a swoop and light on the intruders; and his deep voice rolled out slowly and sepulchraly, "Enter! Enter! I wait you!" Back went the biggest nigger, as if he were shot, heels over head, down the steps. Another dropped his bag, and, with a screech of agony, ran the length of the piazza, and leaped into the garden. The third fell prostrate in the doorway, shaking and groaning.

"Off went John's sheet. 'Now, boys, let's pin these black thieves, — these nigger ghosts!' But, by the time we had put down our guns and rushed forward, the two fallen rascals were on their feet, and if ever I saw a scramble and a rush it was then; for John had grabbed the leg of the chap on the piazza, and, unable to rise until he was released, he, crazy with fear, crawled on three limbs down the steps, and then, kicking loose, sprang off like a bull.

"They were gone, but there lay the bags, and the boat was left fast to the landing.

"We pulled the bags in, bolted the door, and now lighted our candles. Having gotten the bags in the dining-room, we slit the strings and poured out on the floor a medley of stolen goods, — clothes, pieces of household silver, bottles of wine, groceries, and odds and ends of every description. 'Have n't we routed out the spirits from these premises though?' said Hal, who was in high spirits. 'Haunted House — pshaw! Gay and festive nigger-cave, I call it.'

"Yes, Hal, and that we have this time found out *"de g'hustibus non est disputandum."* Fortunately for John's joke, Hal and I had read enough Latin to understand it.

"Now, boys," I proposed, 'let's have a good supper; here is a bottle of sherry, and a pair of chickens ready cooked: we can add what we brought for breakfast, and have a jolly Christmas spree. The ghosts are gone, and in two or three hours there will be daylight.'

"John seconded my movement. 'Up, jolly men, let's feast and make merry. Out with the big table, down with the chairs.'

"The spread was soon before us; six candles were burning, and we all ready to turn to, when we were reminded by Hal that the pile of logs and kindling were yet unlighted on the hearth. The idea of a Christmas feast without a blazing, snapping fire! So I got down on my knees and put a match to the kindlings. The flames licked about, and spread to the logs, but the smoke swelled out into the room, not a puff rising in the chimney: yet the fire blazed, increasing the smoke so that we were almost blinded. 'Why there must be something stuffed in the chimney,' said I; and ran for a long pole that I had seen in an adjoining room. Returned with that, I pushed it up the chimney and poked about, for it had touched something in the way. A stronger shove, and down rolled an indistinguishable mass on to the fire, choking it for a moment, but then the flames flashed out again, firing what was ignitable of the fallen substance. Horrible — horrible to say — there, in the red blaze, we saw a *human skeleton*! The skull rolled out even to the carpet, while the remnants of clothing that had held the rest together were in a moment consumed in the devouring fire.

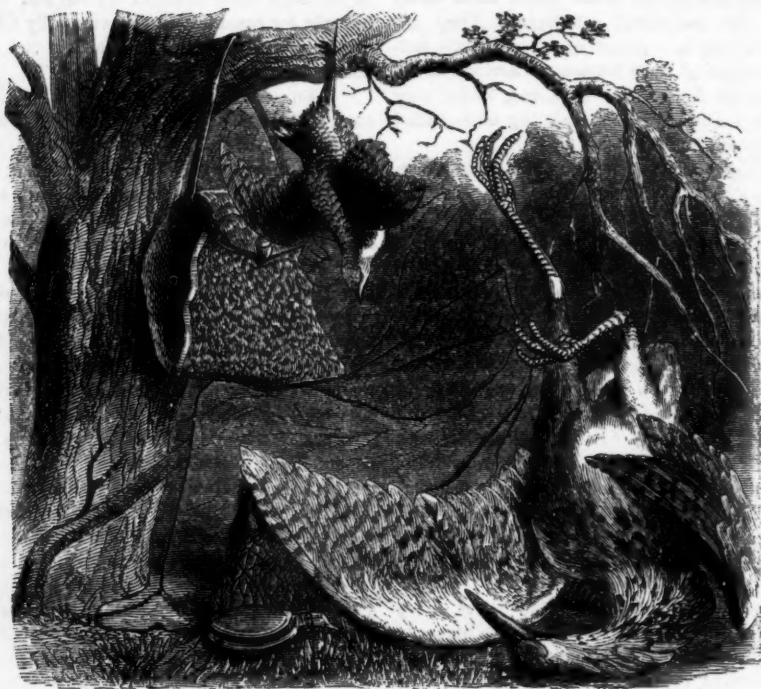
"What remained of the Governor's son was the skeleton, now blackening on the hearth-stone that he had cursed and made desolate by his wickedness.

"The long mystery was unraveled: driven by his cowardice, the poor, miserable Gus had crawled up the chimney, to escape his adversary's pistol bullet. Caught just there, — the house deserted by his late comrades, — he had perished in a long agony.

"And so, with that last coming of the negro river-thieves to the place they had for years used as a deposit for stolen goods, and the horror that afterward drove away the jollity of our Christmas feast, ended the horror of our 'Haunted House.'

VIRIUX MOUSTACHE.

FINDINGS - HAVINGS.



"THE GAME MAKES THE HUNTER."

CHARADES.

1. My *First* can be made in a knot or a bow,
Is a verb, or a noun, as you please.
My *Second* hums over the flowers in June,
Buz, buz-ing his gay little tune
In and out the sweet blossoms and trees.
My *Third* is a grain, very useful to man,
Or else something crooked to sight.
My *Fourth* is a pronoun, not singular, mind,
Or nominative, as you will find;
This on the charade may throw light.
My *Whole* is the name of a Roman, who lived
Many centuries since, and whose life
Was filled with most dreadful and horrible crime.
One lived at the very same time
Who knew not sin, passion, nor strife.
2. Just shut your eyes and steal my *First*,
And fear no mortal's fury;
For thieves who pilfer in their sleep
Are never tried by jury.
My *Second*, as a verb, laid waste
A city blithe and bonny;

But, as a noun, 't is made of cloth,
And goes to mill with Johnny.

My *Whole* is taken to the wars;
But stay, I'll not alarm ye!
It's neither minie-ball nor gun,
Though in the regular army.

PLANTINGS.

Plant Money and what comes up?		Mint.
" a Kiss	" "	Tulips.
" a Rich Man	" "	Aster.
" Sunrise	" "	Morning-glory.
" the Pilgrims	" "	Mayflower.
" a tight shoe	" "	Corn.
" a Lover's farewell	" "	Forget-me-not.
" Shakespeare	" "	Sweet William.
" Queen of England	" "	Victoria Regia.
" Louis Napoleon	" "	Crown Imperial.
" the Signet of a Wise Man,	" "	Solomon's Seal.

The Query in the September Number is answered by saying that each stage will meet thirteen others, and that the company will require at the least fourteen stages.

Bessie M. Knight.

M 1011



Two little dogs were basking in the cinders;
 Two little cats were playing in the windows;
 When two little mice popped out of a hole,
 And up to a fine piece of cheese they stole.
 The two little dogs cried, "Cheese is nice!"
 But the two little cats jumped down in a trice,
 And cracked the bones of the two little mice.